The Outlook

JANUARY 10, 1923

URDER AND YNCHING

NE of the reasons advanced to explain why the number of murders in the United States is much reater than in England in proportion to opulation is that the "law's delay" is uch less in England, that there trial fol-ws quickly after the offense, appeals are mited and the time allowed for them ort, and pardons and commutation of ntences are rare. If changes in our laws ould put terror into the heart of mur-ers, by all means let us have changes. nother resulting good might be to re-ove the excuse of lynchers that if hor-ble crimes of violence are not avenged t once they may not be avenged at all. he States have varying records on this oint.

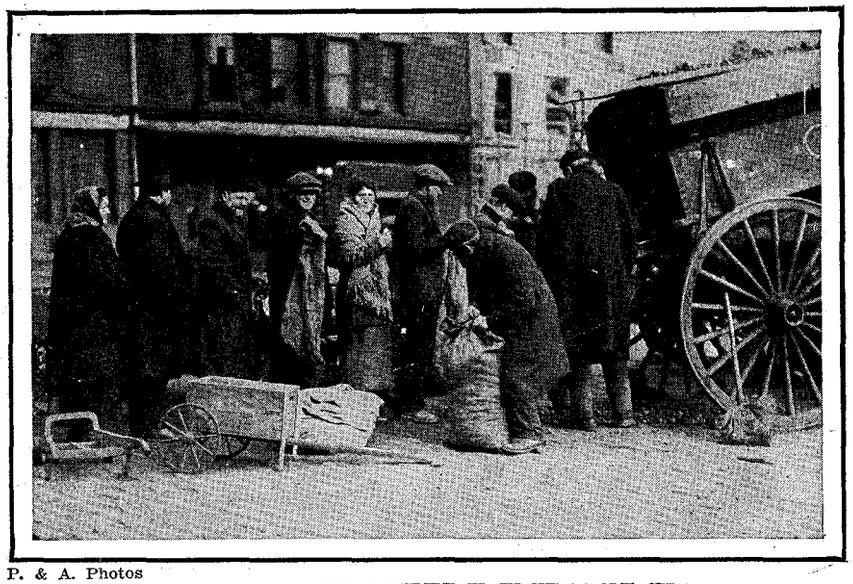
New Jersey has in many cases acted ith commendable promptness; in the cent atrocious murder of Mrs. Brig-am in Orange, for instance, the Negro harged with the crime was indicted thin two days after his arrest and e trial set by the Judge for the next eek.

If laws and lawyers would work to ake the punishment of proved crime vift as well as sure, we might hear less f lynchings and terrorism.

The record of lynchings for last year, mpiled carefully by Tuskegee Insti-ute, is rather encouraging, not so much r its reduction of seven in the total 57 as against 64 in 1921) as in the fact at there were no fewer than fifty-eight ses in which officers of the law pre-ented lynching. The succinct but ter-ble totals follow: "Of the 57 persons nched in 1922, 51 were Negroes and 6 ere whites; 19, or one-third, of those ut to death were charged with rape or ttempted rape; 6 of the victims were urned to death; 4 were put to death nd then their bodies burned."

What happened at Herrin and at Mer ouge was enough to give the last year deplorable record for mob violence and e tendency to blood-guiltiness of group atred and passion.

Those who pretend to believe that pub-c good and moral improvement can be ained by "direct action" ought to be nvinced by such occurrences that ringent law enforcement is safer and the long run administers just punish-ent more certainly than any kind of ob murder.



P. & A. Photos

COAL RATIONS BEING DISTRIBUTED IN NEW YORK CITY

THE COAL SHORTAGE

THERE is nothing surprising in the statement of the United States Federal Fuel Distributer, that "cold weather is intensifying the distress anticipated on account of the shortage of anthracite." The next two months will be the hardest to get through with reasonable comfort. The official belief is that during all that time substitutes for anthracite must be used in considerable quantities. Local dealers have warned consumers to lose no proper chance to put in the better grade of bituminous or the smallest sizes of anthracite, lest they be caught after heavy snows with empty bins, when delivery is difficult.

An encouraging sign is the evidence that anthracite consumers are learning that it is quite possible to get on without much anthracite if they learn how to use the substitutes. As a matter of fact, the greater part of the country never sees any anthracite and yet keeps reasonably warm.

The unions are taking advantage of the coal shortage to urge nationalization of the industry. It is reported that the Nationalization Committee of the United Mine Workers of America will present to the United States Coal Commission next month a plan which provides for the purchase by the Government of the entire industry at a cost of $4,500,000,000, the creation of a Secretary of Mines in the Cabinet, and the organization of a Federal commission of mines and a National mining council. The last, the Committee suggests, might be limited to eleven, five to be named by professional societies such as the engineering groups and the others to be named by the President.

Nothing seems less probable than that Congress and the people will favor nationalization of the coal industry. But it is increasingly evident that they will sooner or later favor at least as much control by the people over the coal industry as they have over the railway industry.

RICHES

HE was a small-town merchant who owned and managed a department store. He lived a quiet life, attended to his business, took an undemonstrative part in non-political public affairs, and died as quietly as he had lived.

Max Hess had everything in life which might have made him selfish. He might have been just an ordinary rich man. He had been born to poverty. Before he was born his father died. In his childhood, therefore, his mother, with a large family, had to struggle hard for food and clothing. The struggle grew too great. Max Hess was placed in a municipal orphan asylum in Mannheim, Baden. An older brother came to America. When Max Hess was fifteen, he too came, and began work as an errand boy in a Newark store for fifty cents a week. Later he went to Allentown, Pennsylvania. There he, with his older brother, opened a small department store. He prospered with the town.

From the beginning of his business

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career he was distinguished by two interests.

One was his interest in his employees. In fact, he refused to regard them as employees. They were his co-workers. He early instituted a system for sharing profits with all employees down to the errand boys. He gave them his friendship. He sought their advice. He turned their mistakes into successes. Every case of dishonesty Mr. Hess handled himself and let only the incorrigible go. Some have occupied positions of trust who would have gone to reformatories if ordinary methods had been employed. His system worked and paid dividends. This Jewish merchant proved the practicability of the principles of the Jewish Teacher of nineteen hundred years ago.

The other interest was that which he had for cases of distress. To the organized charities of the community he gave liberally of both his time and money. He was one of the founders of the hospital of the community, one of the original committee which organized the associated charities. More than that, he was forever spending himself in dealing with individual cases, particularly those of mothers and children left desolate through death or disgrace. He kept no record of this personal service. Not even his secretary knew all that he did Perhaps his childhood days in the orphanage helped him to understand these cases. He had known darkness; he wanted others to have light. When others were in distress, he could picture himself as in their place.

His personality saturated the minds of those about him, so that when they wanted to do something for him they found that they had to do it in his way.

A day or so after his death his co-workers had a meeting. No one seems to know exactly how the suggestion came about; but somehow they decided that his memory could best be perpetuated by something to keep up his work for the relief of the distressed.

A committee was appointed. Subscriptions to be paid within a year began to come in. Requests, from firms and individuals with whom the store had done business, for the privilege of contributing were politely refused. This memorial was to be a co-workers' memorial. They wanted the foundation to consist of their money, not promiscuously gathered money. They wanted it to be something that they should do for him in return for what he had done for them. So they built up this fund which will bear his name.

When the reports were made, it was found that the subscription totaled thirty thousand dollars.

The fund consists wholly of the savings of a small group of people in a small department store.

The income is to be administered by a board of their own number. It is to be devoted to the maintenance of institutions and organizations engaged in works of charity and benevolence, particularly those in which Max Hess was interested during his lifetime.

EVOLUTION, NOT MATERIALISM

Occasional and sporadic attacks on the scientific theory of evolution, such as that made lately in the Kentucky Legislature, are possible only because of two errors: those who make these attacks do not know the facts, and they draw wrong conclusions from the theory. They should recall the words of a great writer, John Fiske, "Evolution is God's way of doing things."

The American Association for the Advancement of Science has over a thousand members and represents every branch of science. Its council fairly speaks for the American scientific world. At its recent session it thought it worth while to deny the assertion that men of science have abandoned the large theory of evolution, however they may differ as to the methods through which evolution has worked. On the contrary, it says:

> So far as the scientific evidence of the evolution of plants, animals, and man is concerned, there is no ground whatever for the assertion that these evidences constitute a "mere guess." No scientific generalization is more strongly supported by thoroughly tested evidences than is that of organic evolution.
>
> The evidences in favor of the evolution of man are sufficient to convince every scientist of note in the world. These evidences are increasing in number and importance every year.

Moreover, says this voice of American science, instead of an evil influence, the belief in evolution has been potent for good in that "it has promoted the progress of knowledge, has fostered inquiry, and has been invaluable in humanity's search for truth."

Belief in evolution is not belief in materialism. Dr. Abbott expressed this in an editorial he wrote for The Outlook a few months before his death when he said, under the title "The Workshop of God:"

> The issue raised by the hypothesis of evolution has been well expressed in a single sentence: "Creation is a process, not a product." The evolutionist believes that he is living in the days of creation. . . . He does not have to go back six thousand years to find God at work in his world. He is at work now, and in the same spirit and upon the same principles. I do not recall any simpler and clearer statement of the omnipresence of the Great Spirit than that of Herbert Spencer: "Amidst all the mysteries by which we are surrounded nothing is more certain than that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed."

A BALLAD OF THE EAST AND WEST

Just after Thanksgiving Day The Outlook printed an editorial giving a general summary of the results of the football season. The publication of this editorial must have had a beneficial effect upon the postal receipts of several places in Nebraska, for a number of our Nebraska subscribers have taken us to task for what they consider an egregious slight.

All of these correspondents were grieved because in this editorial we failed to mention the fact that the University of Nebraska beat Notre Dame in the final game of the season. We beg herewith to make amends, and also to point out that effete New Yorkers celebrate Thanksgiving on the same date as their fellow-Americans in Nebraska. The editorial in question stated clearly that the Thanksgiving Day game between Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania was still in the future at the time our editorial was written. Presumably, therefore, the Nebraska-Notre Dame game likewise awaited the decision of the fates.

Western Americans frequently accuse Eastern Americans of neglect and indifference—a charge which is only too often justified. But no Easterner ever went so far as the Los Angeles correspondent of the New York "Tribune" in his account of the New Year's Day game between the University of Southern California and Pennsylvania State. This correspondent refers to this game as an "international contest." The most provincial of Easterners never forgets that California is part of these United States.

The University of Southern California, we may add, won this game by a score of 14 to 3. In the other transcontinental contests the Eastern universities were the victors. The University of Pittsburgh defeated Leland Stanford University by a score of 16 to 7 and West Virginia beat Gonzaga at San Diego by a score of 21 to 13.

WILL THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE FAIL?

The most troublesome factor just now in the Near East situation is the Turkish Nationalist Assembly at Angora. That legislative body is too far from the place of discussion to understand that to avert a crisis and perhaps to prevent war there must be mutual concessions. It is also too stiff-necked and obstinate to give Ismet Pasha at Lausanne powers to act such as the delegates from other

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ON TO THE STATE AFFAIRS

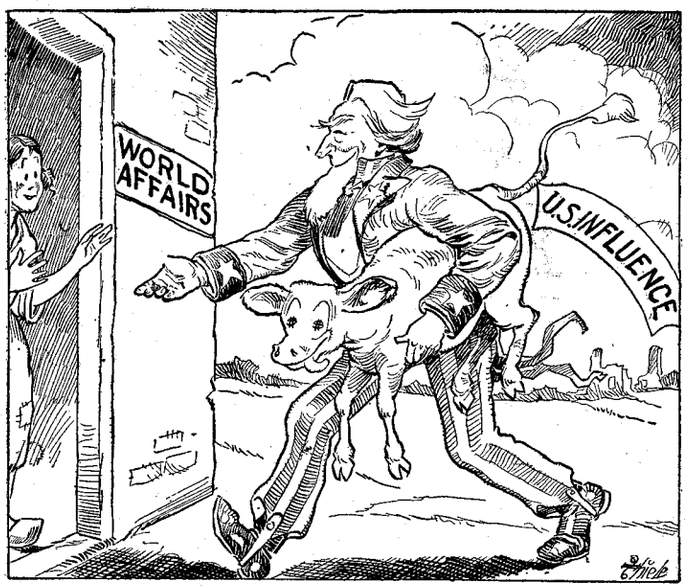
(Othello, Act I, Scene 3)

Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press

GETTING HIS FEET WET

From Mrs. Jennie D. Peck, St. Paul, Minn.

Thiele in the Sioux City Tribune



THE PRODIGAL RETURNS—BRINGING IN HIS OWN FATTED CALF

Reid in the Rutland (Vermont) Daily Herald

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A DISPUTED PASSAGE

From Avis I. Dale, Rutland, Vermont

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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ROUGH SLEDDING!

From Harry S. Stuttman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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AMERICANS AT THE NEAR EAST CONFERENCE AT LAUSANNE

Standing, left to right: Lieutenant Julian Wheeler, Aide to Admiral Bristol; Mr. Julian Gillespie, Commercial Attaché to American Embassay at Constantinople; Mr. Joseph Grew, American Minister to Switzerland; Ambassador Richard W. Child; Admiral Mark L. Bristol; Mr. Lewis Heck, of the American Embassy at Rome; Mr. F. Lamott Belin, Second Secretary of the American Embassy at Paris; Mr. Copley Avary, Second Secretary to the American Embassy at Rome. Seated, left to right: Miss Lucile Parker, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Child; Mrs. Grew, Mrs. Belin

nations possess. Neither on the Mosul question, nor on the proposal to delimit an Armenian national home district (warmly urged by the American delegation), nor on the extra-territorial rights of foreign nations, would Angora yield an inch up to the first of the new year. The recalling of the British fleet from Malta to the Dardanelles is significant.

It has been said that Mosul is a sordid squabble about oil. Lord Curzon declares that it is no such thing; that British pledged faith and honor are involved. Its inhabitants are non-Turkish by a considerable majority. As large resources it has not alone oil but wheat; for wheat it is an enormous storage point for all Mesopotamia. Great Britain holds the mandate for Irak (Mesopotamia), and by treaty has pledged to uphold the Arab Government of King Feisal and to protect the country from invasion. If Great Britain admits the Turkish claims to Mosul, British influence and credit in the Near East would receive a severe blow.

It was plain speaking when Lord Curzon, vexed by Turkey's reiteration of her sovereign rights, said in the debate on capitulations:

> I beg that Ismet Pasha wrap up and place carefully away in a cupboard this question of Turkish sovereignty, which nobody wishes in the least to offend. Turkey is not the only country which enjoys sovereignty; many other Powers have it, and frequently greater Powers than Turkey submit questions to international tribunals without fear of impairing their sovereign rights.

On the theory that when things are at their worst they usually begin to get better, there may be hope for satisfactory results at Lausanne.

HELPING EUROPE

BECAUSE Senator Borah opposed President Wilson's plan for a League of Nations as a means of international co-operation he was regarded by supporters of that plan as an opponent of all practical co-operation between nations. He was supposed to represent those who asked scornfully, "What have we to do with abroad?" It is evident that those who thought of Senator Borah in this way were wrong. It was Senator Borah who introduced into the Senate nearly two years ago a resolution asking for an international conference to reduce naval armaments. It is Senator Borah who lately introduced a resolution for an international conference to settle the world's economic question.

Curiously, there is now a tendency to reverse the former judgment and to say that those who have opposed Senator Borah's plan for international co-operation are opposed to all efforts among nations, and particularly on the part of America to join with other nations, in mutual help.

Among Americans the number of those who have desired real isolation for America has at all times, and particularly in recent years, been very small. By habit Americans are accustomed to look to the future. It is not in what the Nation has been, but in what the Nation is to be, that they find the basis of American nationality. Naturally, therefore, they look to the future, not to the past, for the basis of international action. It is not idealism, however, alone that leads them to believe that nations can live and work together. Their material interests drive them to the same belief. Famine in Russia, the breakdown of finance in Germany, the devastation of France, the damage to the industrial machinery of Britain, made clear long ago to the doubters that America, even if she wished, could not live unto herself alone.

The purpose of Senator Borah's proposed resolution was thus a common purpose. The support which that resolution has received has been due to the general agreement that if that resolution would serve that purpose it ought to be accepted. Opposition to it, therefore, does not come from those who disagree with its purpose, but from those who believe it will not serve the purpose but frustrate it.

There are several reasons for this.

In the first place, the duty of international negotiation rests not with the Congress, not even with the Senate alone, but with the Executive. This is a duty laid upon the Executive by the Constitution. It is a duty, moreover, which rests upon the Executive by the nature of things. The legislative body is wholly unfitted to conduct those personal conversations or to interchange provisional ideas and suggestions which constitute all negotiation, whether of a business or political or international nature. Whenever the Senate undertakes to initiate such negotiations, the President, whoever he is, to whatever party he belongs, if he has any understanding of his function, will deplore the Senate's intrusion into a business it cannot carry on. It is not jealousy of one branch of the Government toward another that leads the President to remonstrate with the Senate when it attempts to start international negotiations, but common sense.

In particular, in this case the Executive has been exchanging views with other Governments on this very subject, and the intrusion of the Senate into the business would, if permitted, complicate instead of simplifying the process of reaching a mutual understanding. This is something which any Senator might have learned confidentially upon inquiry; and it was brought out publicly through the Senate when Senator Borah's resolution was under discussion. As a result, Senator Borah, to his credit, withdrew his resolution.

There is another obstacle, however, to Senator Borah's plan for an economic conference which has no relation to the

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method of negotiating for it. The economic situation in Europe is involved in both national and international politics. Indeed, there is no economic problem in Europe that is not also political. For example, the question of the stabilization of the mark in Germany involves a question of German domestic politics beside which the currency issue in the Bryan-McKinley Presidential campaign of 1896 was simple. So in France the question of reparations involves a question of party obligations which no political leader in France can ignore. How far does America wish to become involved with these questions of domestic politics in European countries? Without answering that, our Government cannot join with other governments intelligently in any economic conference.

Moreover, in any such conference there would be bound to be involved questions of international policies not primarily economic. Shall, for instance, a treaty be ignored or violated or amended for the sake of economic advantage to one country or to a group of countries? Shall one nation be held strictly to its treaty obligations while another nation, party to the same treaty, be released from some of its obligations? These are vital matters of policy to other nations besides America, and they cannot be left out of any discussion of economic readjustment.

Just now especially American participation in an economic discussion would encounter a condition peculiarly sensitive. As this issue of The Outlook goes to press the Allied Premiers of Belgium, Britain, and France, and a representative of the Premier of Italy are assembling in Paris. The question before them is what shall be done before January 15. On that day the moratorium granted to Germany a year ago at Cannes will expire. Germany has not fulfilled the terms of that moratorium. France proposes to secure a guaranty of the payments due to her by sending French officials and engineers, without military force except such as to provide protection, to take charge of German customs along the Rhine and industries in the Ruhr. Britain is expected to propose another moratorium for Germany under Allied supervision and a reduction of the reparations to twelve and a half billion dollars. America, in common courtesy, must consider waiting while France and Britain are seeking an agreement.

In the meantime the American Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, has suggested the possibility of a conference, not of governmental representatives, but of economic experts, called together by their respective Governments to try to formulate some plan that would be generally acceptable. The British have evidently welcomed Mr. Hughes's proposal. The French naturally see more clearly the political obstacles to it.

The difficulties are increased by the proposal of the Cuno Government in Germany for a general treaty against war in the next thirty years. This introduces another question of international policy into a situation that cannot be considered as purely economic.

All this shows the difficulty of the situation with which this Government has to deal. It is a situation that cannot be settled by a Senate resolution or a provision in a naval bill. We are glad that Mr. Borah's resolution was withdrawn.

Nevertheless Senator Borah has, we believe, served the cause of international relationship a good turn by introducing his resolution. He has elicited from all over the country an expression of support for a policy of international cooperation. He has enabled the Administration to see in what direction the thought of the country is moving. He has made perhaps clearer to other countries than before that Americans are not indifferent to their plight.

WHY NOT A FAMILY GATHERING?

RACIAL and religious intolerance is not dead in America. On the contrary, there seems at the present time to be a recrudescence of the kind of hostility which does not have an immediate and ascertainable personal background. As a matter of fact, the type of hostility which has a direct personal background is at a minimum in any community. It is the exception when people hate those whom they know thoroughly.

Much of the present racial and religious hostility seems to be due to the fact that there is a general feeling among the diverse elements of our society that religions and races are entering into American politics to secure benefits for themselves rather than for America as a whole.

How well founded are these suspicions we shall not attempt to say. We believe, however, that such suspicions will never be set at rest as long as Protestants continue to talk them over with Protestants, Catholics with Catholics, and Jews with Jews. Is it not possible that a National conference, representative of Americans first, and racial and religious elements second, might not contribute something valuable towards the elimination of this smoldering hostility?

We are not thinking of a conference called to draw up a set programme, but a gathering of Americans of all kinds to meet together as friends to discuss the relationship of group interests to our National inheritance. We do not think of such a conference as a convention of people gathered in a large hall to hear a succession of more or less brilliant set speeches and orations, but as a family reunion. If the invited members of such a reunion (invited either by the President or by the heads of representative organizations) could come together, divide into small groups of a dozen or less, put their feet under the same tables, and thrash out their differences of outlook and opinion, man to man, they might be able to go back to their villages, towns, and cities and carry with them the vision of a united America which would move men towards fulfillment of our National ideals.

Such a series of informal discussions might last for a week, each day seeing a regrouping of the members of the gathering in order that as broad a contact as possible might be established. The evenings might well be devoted to larger gatherings with a more formal programme, but the essential part of the plan would be found in the possibilities for personal relationship.

Such a gathering would not be a recognition of disunion. It would merely be a step towards understanding and sympathetic union.

One word more. Such a gathering should not meet east of Kansas City, Missouri. In fact, we can think of no better place than that very city.

SHORTER HOURS FOR POETS

SILENT for nearly a decade, the philosopher of Archey Road is again vocal, and in a recent discourse of his we find an observation on poets. "Potes are thin," he tells us, in the same endearing brogue as formerly, "but their ladies are chubby. A pote, whin he has wurruked all day at th' typewriter, wants to rest his head on a shoulder that won't hurt."

Entitled "Rayjoocing," the discourse opens with a remark, at once graphic and exhilarating, "I see the good woman go by at a gallop," and brings in the poets merely by way of reinforcing Mr. Dooley's protest, "Why should a woman want to be thin whin she is not thin?" Far too promptly he returns to the main theme, leaving us wishing for a more extended digression on poets, and, in particular, for a few words in his best style on the persistence with which they "wurruk all day at th' typewriter" when it fags them so.

One reason, perhaps, is to be found in

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the large and of late immensely accelerated growth of the market for verse. When we last counted, America's magazines of poetry numbered a baker's dozen. New ones spring up constantly. Meanwhile prizes for verse increase and multiply, and of the making of anthologies there is no end. The theater, once hostile, now welcomes poetic drama. Publishers whose advisers once cried, "Beware of a tall, dark man with poems; you are about to lose money," can now be seen lunching with poets. So insistent, indeed, is the demand for poetry that—any day, almost—we may hear rumors of an impending labor shortage in the poetry industry.

It is true that quantity production has been facilitated to a degree by the late vogue of free verse—little *études* or *croquis* such as one might look for in a novelist's note-book—exquisite, some of them, but more often only queer. Yet, apart wholly from these rhymeless, meterless improvisations, now happily diminishing, the monthly yield is enormous.

We speak of all this because possibly it helps to explain the embarrassment of a verse-lover who began a year or so ago to select poems for a well-known review. To his desk comes the entire poetical harvest of the English-speaking world, and every week he chooses a hundred and fifty lines, the stipulated quota. "At the outset," says he, "I resolved that the test should be a certain thrill—of beauty, of surprise, of melody, or of emotion. Not by the most patient search can I find a hundred and fifty lines a week that will survive that test. Innumerable poets write gracefully and display a perfection of taste and discipline and literary conscience very gratifying to behold; but thrill, the one thing needful—how rare a thing it is! I even feel that they themselves are strangers to it. The other day an editor declared: 'Most poets don't seem to have lived, or had experience, or seen anything. They just write about notions!'"

But have not the greatest poets written about "notions"? Few of them have "lived," or "had experience," or "seen" much. Those who did gained little thereby—some lost. A cloistered existence, instead of narrowing the poetic imagination, appears actually to broaden it. Thrill proceeds from within, not from without. However, "sitting all day at the typewriter" precludes thrill. Quantity production annuls even the zest for thrill. A too ready market, by throwing wide the doors to all comers, provided only that they display a "perfection of taste and discipline and literary conscience," makes thrill seem needless. Then, too, the wholesale, eager, hurried publication of uninspired verse is itself uninspiring. Standards lapse. Ideals grow lusterless.

Thrill, after all, is not the test. Quantity production is not, after all, the chief cause for failure to create art. The test of any achievement in the arts is not the power to produce gooseflesh, but the power to produce upon the mind a sense of permanence, order, and beauty. A mere description of chaos is never of itself art. And when art fails, it is not generally because artists are working overtime, but because those who would be artists fail to see permanence, order, and beauty in the chaos about them.

Nevertheless, even the true artist needs leisure for contemplation, workmanship, and self-criticism. And the demand for shorter hours for poets is nothing new. A quarter of a century ago a poet warned his fellow-craftsmen against haste, against over-production, and against reliance upon sheer industry:

> Have little care that life is brief
> And less that art is long.
> Success is in the silences,
> Though fame is in the song.

THE SHYLOCK OF SHAKESPEARE AND WARFIELD

SEVERAL days ago I heard Alexander Siloti, Paul Kochanski, and Georges Barrère, playing, respectively, the piano, violin, and flute, give a programme consisting wholly of sonatas of Bach. It was not Bach I heard. It was Bach plus Siloti, Kochanski, and Barrère.

Repeatedly I have heard the Bach Choir of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, under the direction of Frederick Wolle perform great choral works of Bach. Again it was not Bach I heard. It was Bach plus Wolle.

Much time is wasted, I think, in discussing such a question as, Which is the true Bach—Siloti and Kochanski and Barrère's, or Wolle's? That the two Bachs are very different cannot be denied. Different as they are, however, it is reasonable to say that the true Bach is both of these and many others.

This may be said of every great composer. He does not live himself until he becomes incarnate. His art cannot endure except as it becomes also the art of another. His art can endure, outlasting stone and brass, just because it is constantly becoming the art of another and another and another.

Furthermore, the greatest composers are those who remain most truly themselves by becoming transfigured by the art of those whom they enter and possess. The more they are transformed, the more they remain themselves. The more various they are made to be, the more they are the same.

What is true of the art of the composer is equally true of the art of the dramatist. There are, it is true, plays which were written to be read; but even such plays, as indeed all poetry, if worth reading, are worth reading aloud, and are made the greater by passing through the personality of a competent interpreter. This may be disputed; but it cannot be disputed that there are plays which, written to be acted, become themselves only by being acted. "Hamlet" would not be alive without Kean and Kemble, Forrest and Booth and Irving, Forbes-Robertson, Hampden, and Barrymore, and the others that have made "Hamlet" a constantly recurring incarnation. When Shakespeare, as the tradition runs, played The Ghost, even then the lines that he spoke were not Shakespeare; they were Shakespeare plus Shakespeare.

Thus in drama and in music the playwright and the composer are made the greater by the greatness and originality of the actor and performer. To ask of the violinist performing what is in fact Brahms's fifth symphony, the great violin concerto, that he make himself transparent and let Brahms shine through is to ask the impossible. What ought to be asked of him is that he seek to understand Brahms's purpose and spirit and then to play that concerto as his own. And this same thing we have the right to ask of the actor in his relation to the dramatist.

We have a right to expect of him that in his acting he create anew each time a new work of art.

Whatever criticism may be made of the Shylock which David Warfield is to-day creating on the boards of the Lyceum Theater in New York City, whatever imperfection students of the drama may find in his creation, it is impossible to see Warfield's Shylock without recognizing that it is not only Shakespeare's, but also, in fact, Warfield's.

Indeed the "Merchant of Venice" as it is performed under David Belasco's management is Shakespeare plus Warfield and Belasco. And perhaps, remembering the rich scenery, I ought to add, "and Ernest Gros." That Shakespeare might find it hard to recognize his own play if he saw it at the Lyceum Theater is no proof of defect in the production. He might find it still harder to understand the English spoken there. Audiences to-day are as accustomed to certain modern stage devices as they are to

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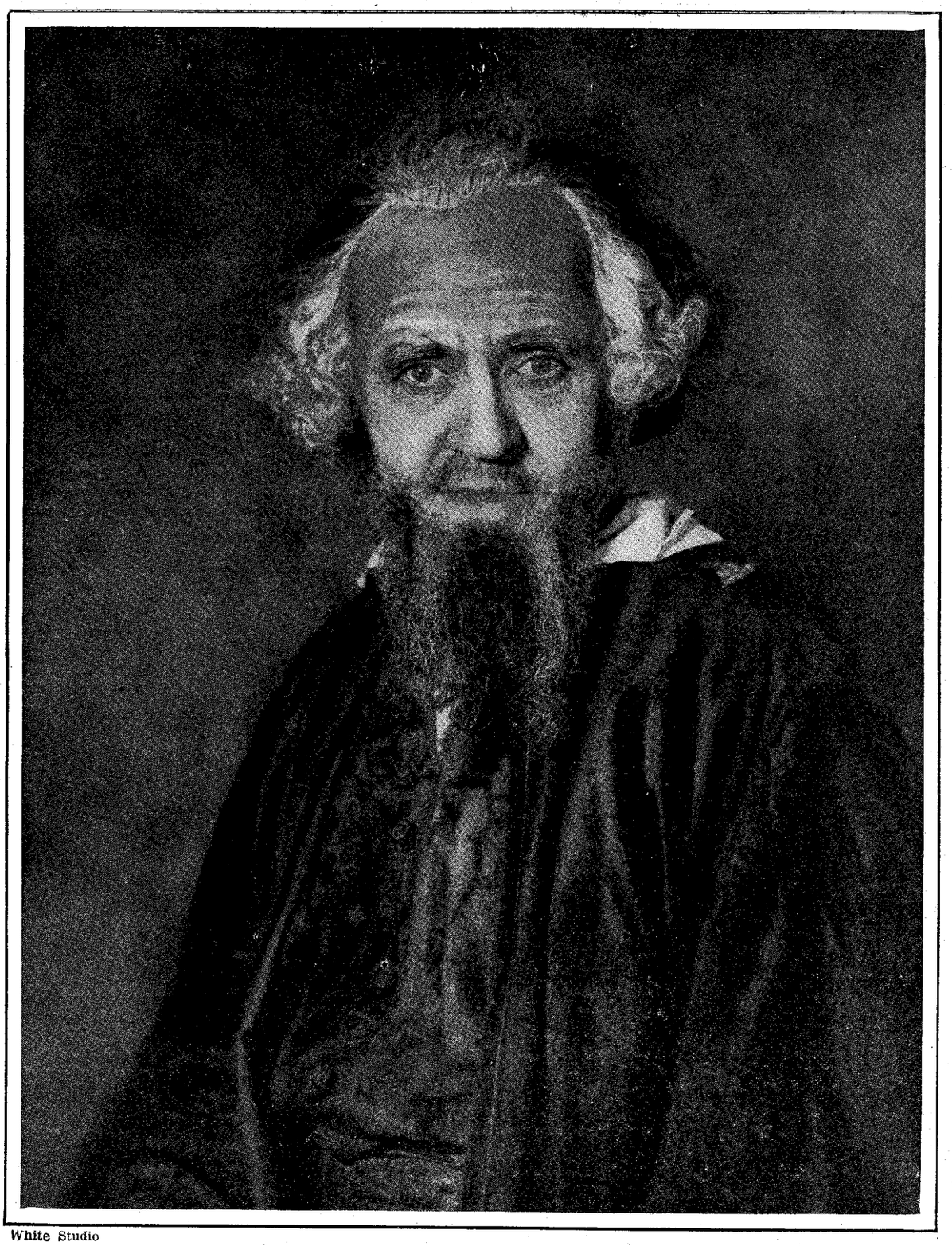

White Studio

DAVID WARFIELD AS SHYLOCK

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the changes which generations have wrought in the pronunciation of the English tongue. To make the "Merchant of Venice" recognizable to Shakespeare on the stage would give it an artificiality and grotesqueness which it did not have for the audiences of his day. The more truly a play is alive, the more truly must it adapt itself to its changing environment through the years as well as to the personality of the artists who recreate it.

In bringing Shylock again to life David Warfield has seized upon that trait in this towering character which is its distinction. As Hilaire Belloc has pointed out in his recent book "The Jews," England made the greatest attempt in history to settle the Jewish problem by expulsion, and for more than three and a half centuries was as free of the Jewish problem as a nation could be by keeping the Jews out. Although it was before the end of that experiment that the "Merchant of Venice" was written, anti-Jewish feeling was pronounced in Shakespeare's day. Marlowe's Barabas, in his "Jew of Malta," was represented, to quote Charles Lamb, as "a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners *by the Royal Command*, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been resolved by the Cabinet." [1]

The distinction of Shylock is his contrast with this sort of monstrous caricature. And it is everything in Shylock that is opposed to such a character which lives before the audiences at the Lyceum Theater. Indeed, if there is any hint of caricature it is in the unimpressive, wooden nature of some of Shylock's persecutors. Other Shylocks have made Shylock seem at times human. I doubt whether any other has made Shylock so human throughout. Shylock's famous outburst upon Salarino with its torrent of questions—"Hath not a Jew eyes? . . . if you prick us, do we not bleed? . . . If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"—might have been cut out from this performance altogether and the questions would have asked themselves in the minds of every one who had eyes on Warfield. Indeed, it seemed to me that perhaps the most human part of Warfield's Shylock was that part in which he seemed inhuman. Shylock's malice as Warfield presented it was not the malice of an avaricious and revengeful Jew; it was the malice of a miserly and deranged old man.

To secure their intended effect, which is a justifiable reincarnation of Shakespeare's Shylock, it seems to me that Mr. Warfield and Mr. Belasco resorted to certain devices that were hardly justifiable.

One of these devices was not peculiar to this production. It is the device of making one character stand out by making the others recede. Mr. Warfield's support seemed to consist of actors who were of themselves competent but had been instructed to seem incompetent. No person on the stage from beginning to end except Shylock appeared thoroughly human. They were all lay figures. At times Bassanio and Portia flashed human traits. Launcelot Gobbo and his father were as human as any of Shakespeare's clowns are meant to be. Otherwise the figures on the stage were as human as opera singers. Indeed, a good part of the play only lacked a musical medium in order to be a fairly typical opera. This operatic atmosphere of the play seemed to me to be part of the device. If there had not been something of a stagy spectacle with incidental music, the whole of the third and fifth acts in this version and a good part of the rest of the play would have been a scarcely mitigated bore. Happily, Venice furnished Mr. Gros with an opportunity for indulgence in color and design.

The other device consisted in certain arrangements and cuts of the text. Shylock ought to be Shakespeare plus, not Shakespeare minus. Perhaps I should find it hard to support with evidence my feeling that there was something deliberately subtracted from Shakespeare's Shylock in the Warfield-Belasco production. Nevertheless that feeling has grown upon me after re-reading the play and comparing it with the memory of Warfield's compelling impersonation. Shylock's avarice—as pictured by Shakespeare, for instance, in Salanio's contemptuous report of Shylock's mourning for his ducats more than for his daughter—simply gleams in the Warfield version from the background. Instead, there glows Shylock's devotion to his daughter. It is not merely as his own daughter that Warfield's Shylock prizes her, but as a daughter of Israel. And when she is taken from him, this passion, partly paternal, but largely tribal, drives him into a frenzy. It is this frenzy cooling into the calculating hate of a demented man that Warfield, with great art, makes the controlling force of the play. And the scene that impresses this upon the audience is interpolated. The audience sees Shylock enter his daughterless house, and hears then, and keeps hearing in memory after, the grief-stricken tones of Warfield's voice in Shylock's call for his daughter—"Jessica! Jessica!"

Mr. Warfield and Mr. Belasco have contributed to the Shylock tradition. If any fault is to be found in the essential conception in their version of the "Merchant of Venice," it does not consist in emphasizing the incidental; it consists rather in emphasizing the emphatic—in making too much of that which is distinctive. It is a Jewish interpretation of Shakespeare's Jew. It is an effort, in a great measure successful, to make Shakespeare's human Jew seem not chiefly Jewish but chiefly human.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

[1] This passage is quoted in the preface to the "Merchant of Venice" in the Temple Shakespeare by the editor Israel Gollancz, himself of Jewish family.—E. H. A.

A VICTORY FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CASE OF MR. BUCKNER

AURORA is a small city near the center of Hamilton County, Nebraska. A few months ago it was known only as any town of its size would be which is a railway and banking center for the surrounding country. To-day it is known in all parts of the Nation.

It is known because it is the residence of the Rev. J. D. M. Buckner. And yet six months ago Mr. Buckner himself was not generally known outside of the communities that he had served. If he had been a college president or professor or the minister of some great city church, he probably would never have the reputation he has to-day. His name is carried by periodicals throughout the length and breadth of the Nation because he is a representative of thousands of ministers in comparatively small churches in country districts and small towns.

At sixty-seven years of age many a man in active work is looking forward to retirement. Not so Mr. Buckner. For nearly forty years he had served as a Methodist minister, moving from place to place according to the Methodist custom; but he believed he had ample vitality for further service and that he had a message to give. Indeed, he had come to think of this message, not as of something that he possessed, but as of something that possessed him. It was the message of the goodness of God.

Believing that his God was good, he had come to believe that whatever represented God as doing or approving cruelty or any other evil is not true; and that therefore if he were to persuade men to believe in the God he believed in he must show them that they need not

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accept literally the statements in the Bible attributing to God commands for the wholesale slaughter of defenseless people, and other acts we regard to-day as wicked, but that they should drive out such an idea of God by means of a firm and untroubled faith in the God and Father of Jesus. In order to give this message to people who had not already heard it he was ready to leave Aurora, where he had served a Methodist church for eleven years, and go to a church in some other place.

Of course what Mr. Buckner believed and preached about God made it necessary for him to choose between believing in the goodness of God and believing in the infallibility of the Bible. He chose to believe in the goodness of God. If he had kept his belief to himself, he would never have had any trouble with his ecclesiastical superiors. But he did not keep his belief to himself. He believed, not only in the goodness of God, but in the capacity of the common people to make the same choice that he had made.

A few months before the annual Conference of ministers, the time when appointments of ministers to churches were to be made according to Methodist custom, Mr. Buckner sent to four Nebraska newspapers a letter stating his belief and what it involved. As a consequence of that letter he received from his ecclesiastical superior, Bishop Homer C. Stuntz, a letter in which the Bishop expressed himself as "both amazed and shocked" at the letter and as not knowing "what the Conference may decide to do about such an unprovoked and unwarranted declaration of disbelief in the Word of God," but as certain that it would "have the effect of making your appointment more difficult this next fall."

As the Bishop predicted, the appointment of Mr. Buckner to any church in the Conference was made difficult—it was indeed made impossible by the Bishop himself. Called before the Bishop and his cabinet and interrogated about what he had believed and preached, and then recommended for retirement, Mr. Buckner was retired from the active ministry by the assembled Conference of ministers under a rule which so high an authority as the "Christian Advocate" (official organ of the Methodist Church) says was "designed to facilitate superannuation and not for any other purpose."

Charged by his Bishop with "an unprovoked and unwarranted declaration of disbelief in the Word of God," Mr. Buckner was entitled to a trial before removal on a charge of heresy. A charge of heresy was therefore not formally preferred against him; but no other reason for his retirement was announced either publicly or to him privately. Since The Outlook first mentioned this case early in November other reasons for Mr. Buckner's retirement have been offered. A long letter by a Methodist minister, Rev. J. E. Habliston, printed on another page, gives most of these reasons. It is sufficient to say that all of these reasons are afterthoughts. And a careful examination of statements by Bishop Stuntz, and by other Methodist authorities in Methodist papers, fails to reveal the slightest evidence that any other reason prompted the action of the Conference than dissatisfaction with Mr. Buckner's doctrines.

If Mr. Buckner had been the minister of a powerful church or a distinguished theological professor, the Conference would never have taken such action. Most doctrinal controversies that have stirred the churches widely have involved figures of distinction, men who have risen to places of eminence; and such liberty as has been gained has as a consequence been first of all a benefit to the college and seminary professors and to the preacher in the strong church. But men in obscure positions have felt the bonds of ecclesiastical discipline without much chance of being heard if they protested in the name of liberty. This fact gives the case of Mr. Buckner peculiar significance. Bishop Stuntz and the Nebraska Conference proceeded to do with Mr. Buckner as they would do with any other ordinary minister in an ordinary church under similar circumstances; and the ordinary minister in the ordinary church would in almost any other case have had to accommodate himself to the action of the Conference. It so happened, however, that Mr. Buckner has a son who is an able and eminent lawyer in New York City. Mr. Buckner's son has taken no legal action; he has not indicated that he contemplates any legal action; but he has done what only a lawyer could do as efficiently—he has marshaled the evidence, he has prepared briefs, he has communicated with Bishops of the Church and with many leading authorities not only in the Methodist but also in other denominations. In this he has served, not merely his father, but every minister of every small church who has felt the pressure from ecclesiastical superiors and church authorities tending to suppress the expression of his own convictions as to the truths of the religion he professes.

If the minister of the church were merely the employee of a corporation, or the official of a club, or even, as Mr. Habliston intimates, the editor of a privately organized newspaper or periodical, this question of liberty would be very different in its aspects; but the minister of religion is such by virtue of something else than the choice or favor of any particular group. This, we believe, will not be denied by any church.

Slowly the cause of liberty is gaining. And if the case of Mr. Buckner has done no other service it has revealed the extent of the gain. For example, Mr. Habliston, who not only expresses his own views but includes in his argument statements made by Bishop Stuntz, says of Mr. Buckner that "his creed, his published and spoken beliefs, are shared by probably ninety per cent of the ministers of the Methodist Church." The "Epworth Herald," the organ of the Methodist young people's organization, which defends Bishop Stuntz editorially, declares: "It would be possible, with the most sketchy searching of the records, to find the names of five hundred Methodist ministers holding theological views at least as independent as those of Mr. Buckner." The "Central Christian Advocate," the official journal of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the territory in which Mr. Buckner resides, which also approves the action of Bishop Stuntz and the Conference, agrees with Mr. Buckner's own statement: "I am certain that our Methodist schools almost without exception take the position of the new and modern view of the Bible and the function of religion in twentieth-century life." The Rev. Dr. Cissell, a strong supporter of Bishop Stuntz and defender of the Conference's action, states in a letter to a Methodist journal, "Zion's Herald," of Boston: "The truth is that Mr. Buckner's so-called religious convictions are not very different from the convictions of hundreds of other ministers in our Church."

These statements from supporters of Bishop Stuntz approving what Mr. Buckner has preached were, it is to be remembered, written, not before Mr. Buckner's retirement, but afterwards, when the issue was raised. They were made after the protest was raised against trying a man without trying him, against condemning a man's doctrines without condemning them. The progress that has been made, or rather recorded, in these few weeks may be measured by contrasting Bishop Stuntz's condemnation of Mr. Buckner's belief as "an unprovoked and unwarranted disbelief in the Word of God" with the subsequent indorsement of Mr. Buckner's belief by Bishop Stuntz's own supporters.

Every preacher in every parish, without respect of denomination, every teacher of every Bible class, every student of religion seeking, however ob-

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securely, to learn the truth and to escape the yoke of tradition, is freer to-day because a man who started out as a circuit rider, who, without college or seminary education, worked out his own freedom from a religion of fear, who dedicated himself to preaching a religion of liberty and of goodness, chose to withstand his ecclesiastical superiors, to offend those in authority, rather than to retire voluntarily from the path that he had set out before himself.

"THE CASE OF MR. BUCKNER"—SOME COMMENT

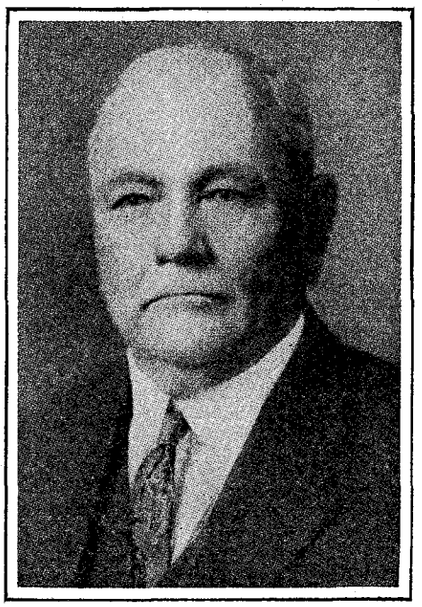
[In an editorial in The Outlook for November 8 we gave the main facts in the case of the Rev. J. D. M. Buckner, of Aurora, Nebraska, who was called to account by the resident Bishop for publishing his theological views and was then, by vote of the Nebraska Methodist Conference and against Mr. Buckner's will, retired with a small annuity. In that editorial we drew the following conclusion:

> The issue which has been raised in Mr. Buckner's case is threefold.
>
> It is an issue of justice.
>
> Even a criminal is allowed his day in court; Mr. Buckner was not allowed any public hearing, any chance to plead his case openly before the body that was to judge him.
>
> It is an issue of liberty.
>
> When a man enters such an order as that of the Jesuits, he surrenders his liberty of thought because the organization is avowedly autocratic. When, therefore, any church takes such action as that taken in Mr. Buckner's case the old issue is again raised as between those who conceive of the Church as a body ruled by divine right of the ecclesiastical authorities and those who conceive of the Church as a body composed of the free sons of God.
>
> It is an issue of the spirit of religion.
>
> And of all the phases of this issue this is the most fundamental. On the one hand stand those who conceive of religion as an arbitrary system devised by the Almighty, imposed upon men for their observance at the peril of their eternal welfare. On the other side are the men who conceive of religion as the response of men to the approach of God to them and their growth in the understanding of him and his dealings with them.
>
> This threefold issue is one that has arisen again and again in the Church. It is the issue between those in all ages and in all churches who fear freedom and those who welcome it, between those who believe that faith needs some protective covering and those who believe that faith, if it is really living, grows stronger by being left open to the nourishment of truth.

These are the issues to which the Rev. Charles S. Robertson refers in the first of the following letters. In the second letter, another Methodist clergyman tells why he believes that our statement of the Buckner case was erroneous.

Following the two letters is a quotation from Mr. E. S. Martin in the "Editor's Easy Chair" of Harper's Magazine—an indication that interest in this case extends beyond denominational circles.

Further editorial comment on Mr. Buckner's case will be found on preceding pages.—THE EDITORS.]



J. D. M. BUCKNER

I

I HAVE appreciated the spirit of fairness that has so generally characterized The Outlook. However, in your issue of November 8, in your article headed "The Case of Mr. Buckner," your conclusions are not fair to the Methodist Episcopal Church. I have no doubt that your unfairness is due to your lack of knowledge of our laws, and is therefore unintentional.

As to your third "issue," we will grant that there it is a matter of your opinion, which you of course have a perfect right to publish. Your conclusions in the first and second "issue" are not based upon facts. You say: "Mr. Buckner was not allowed any public hearing, any chance to plead his case openly before the body that was to judge him." Paragraph 188, section 2, of our laws states: "Any minister of an Annual Conference who is in good standing may be placed in the retired relation by the Annual Conference, if such relation is recommended by the Committee on Conference Relations." Mr. Buckner had full opportunity to plead his case before both of the above-named committees and then "openly before the body that was to judge him," the Conference, just as every other minister would have under similar circumstances when his case should be reported by the Committee.

Then, in the second issue of "liberty," you again evidently misunderstand the above law I have referred to. While our conferences are in no sense Jesuitical, yet every one of our ministers surrenders his "liberty" when he joins an Annual Conference to the extent that if at any time a Conference sees fit to "retire" him from the active ministry that action is final for that particular year, and he has no recourse but to submit, with the privilege, however, of having his case reopened at the next annual meeting of the Conference and make, if he wishes so to do, a request for restoration to the active relationship, which, if granted, the Bishop must make him an "appointment" or give him a pastorate.

Your article clearly states that the Bishop warned Mr. Buckner that his "letter increased the difficulty of his appointment to a parish" and that then he "reiterated" his views in a farewell sermon. The Conference was in no sense exceeding its authority or violating any spirit of "justice" or "liberty" if it decided for the above-named condition or any other that it was for the best interests of the Church to retire Mr. Buckner from the active ministry. It was not a "heresy" case or a trial, but merely a prudential action.

[Rev.] CHARLES S. ROBERTSON.
Methodist Episcopal Church,
Westfield, New York.

II

IN your editorial in a recent issue on "The Case of Mr. Buckner" you are in error in several respects.

First, you have heard only Brother Buckner's side of the case and have prejudged the whole question from having read his pamphlet. You can prove anything by that method. You yourself say even a criminal is allowed his day in court; why assume on the basis of one man's pamphlet that Bishop Stuntz and the great Nebraska Conference are a band of benighted heresy hunters, with the spirit of the Inquisition?

Second, you assume that in the field of religion a man's opinions do not matter, providing only he is sincere. That the Church has no right to deny fellowship to men for mistaken or supposedly mistaken beliefs, providing the men themselves are of the right spirit.

On that assumption, would you be willing to let Eugene Debs help you edit The Outlook just because he is utterly sincere? Are you correct in assuming that beliefs have nothing to do with determining life? Is not the man who holds a mistaken view on a fundamental question really more dangerous if he holds it sincerely? Thackeray in his lectures on the Four Georges, discussing George III, remarks that most of the

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evil in the world has been caused by men who sincerely meant well.

Third, you are in error as to the real question in Mr. Buckner's case. Men's beliefs do matter, but in his case the matter of heresy was not an issue, though he has sought to make it appear so. His creed, his published and spoken beliefs, are shared by probably ninety per cent of the ministers of the Methodist Church. Bishop Stuntz himself belongs to the liberal school. Outside of Iowa, I cannot conceive a poorer place than Nebraska in which to organize a heresy hunt. Doctrines are not issues out here—sometimes I wish our folks cared a little more about doctrine.

You have heard of the preacher who preached a very ambitious series of sermons on the existence of God, giving the arguments of atheists and agnostics in great detail, with his answers to them. An old sister in the congregation, when the series was ended, said she had enjoyed the sermons very much, but, in spite of them all, she still believed there was a God! That may illustrate Brother Buckner's attitude. He is not an original investigator, but a man who late in life has allowed himself to become unduly excited by accepting certain views about the Bible, inspiration, Christianity, which most of his brethren in the ministry have quietly accepted long ago. In his excitement he has fancied himself a scholarly pioneer in the fight for ecclesiastical freedom—like Dr. Briggs, say. He is really a camp-follower who has come on the scene after the battle is over, but he has come to fight, and fight he will. So he insists on a public martyrdom, being tried at the bar of his Conference for heresy, etc. How can you try a man for heresy when no one believes him to be a heretic? That is passing the ultimate limit in brotherly accommodation. Brother Buckner was not tried at all. He was not deposed from the ministry. The legal aspects of the case are simply leagues away from your putting of it.

In his recent ministry Brother Buckner made a hobby of liberalism, fighting in his pulpit battles which were over long ago, raising issues where no one suspected there were any issues. He made himself unacceptable, not at Aurora alone, where he burned his bridges behind him by a farewell sermon, but by publishing his views broadcast over Nebraska. Grant that the things he said were true; they were not important enough to make issues, divisive issues, in local congregations. You can lead a congregation to accept the new viewpoint as to the Bible, if you are wise, but you cannot do it by ridicule and belligerency. A church audience is not a group of theological students, to be the victims of literary criticism of documents. They are a group of people who want to be led, who have little time for study themselves, and they want, not methods and processes, but constructive and inspiring results, not problems. Mr. Buckner dealt and continued to deal with problems; defiantly and with much fuss and trumpeting he battered the stuffing out of straw men which he set up in his pulpit.

The law of the Church provides that when it is alleged of any man that he is unacceptable a Committee on Conference Relations (which exists in every Conference) shall inquire into the case and, if they see fit, may recommend to the Conference that he be "located." This is not expulsion from the ministry, but the man "located" is no longer a member of an annual Conference and has no annuity pension to look forward to in his old age. But there is another law. The Church has fixed the age of sixty-five when a man can voluntarily with honor retire from the active ministry. He is still a minister, still a member of Conference, but is no longer appointed to a field, and receives instead year by year a pension, based upon a fixed rate, so much for every year he has served. Brother Buckner, according to your statement, was sixty-seven years old, two years past the age for voluntary retirement. The law provides that men of any age, younger than sixty-five or past that age, may without their consent be retired by recommendation of the Committee on Conference Relations and vote of the annual Conference. You thus see that the procedure to locate a man—virtually put him out of the Conference though not out of the ministry—and to retire a man is the same; first the committee recommendation, then the vote in Conference session with the opportunity for debate in Conference. Every year men are retired who think themselves still young and vigorous and acceptable, but the people say No, and they are given retirement and a pension which, though small, keeps from absolute poverty.

Brother Buckner was not tried for heresy, nor dismissed from the Conference without trial because of heresy, because he, and he alone, is a liberal advanced thinker and the rest of us are afraid of freedom as he seeks to make it appear. He was not even located as no longer acceptable. He was retired—given the most honorable place possible to a man, retired simply because he was no longer acceptable for a charge. Because of his tactless way of raising old issues from the dead all over the Conference charges were saying, "We do not want him," and the appointing powers simply refused to send to a field a man whom the people did not want. His age made the retirement anything but an injustice, he had his opportunity for a hearing both before the Committee and the Conference, whether he availed himself of it or not—in fact, a larger opportunity than is given to a man placed on trial. For the law of the Methodist Church does not place a man on trial before the Conference session (except very rarely, and then at the discretion of the Conference). The ordinary procedure is trial by a select number, whose decision is final unless the accused appeals to a judicial conference. This decision is reported to the Conference, but is not subject to debate or vote. It closes the question.

I have written you at this great length, not believing that I will influence you in the least nor that you will feel disposed to publish any part of this long communication, but simply to call your attention to the need of hearing both sides. The Outlook boasts its liberality, it is self-conscious in its liberal attitude; let it show its real liberalism by hearing what the other side has to say. [Rev.] J. E. Habliston.

Methodist Episcopal Church,
Grand Rapids, Iowa.

III

"Take Parson Buckner's difficulty about the dealings of the Israelites with the Canaanites. It perplexes him because he reads in the Old Testament that God instructed the Israelites to clean up the Canaanites, man, woman, and child. He does not feel that God, being a good God, gave them any such instructions, and surely he is entitled to entertain that sentiment. But God is a very large idea, which our human consciousness cannot measure with any tape line that is yet at its command. The 'and God said' of the Old Testament books seems very like a detail of phraseology, which expressed the sense of the Israelite leaders, however derived, that the Canaanites were a bad lot, with whom the chosen people must not be mixed up either in race or religion. Parson Buckner may be right about what 'God said' in the Old Testament, but surely he can be either right or wrong without impairing his value as an expositor of the teachings of Christ. Ministers are expected, while they are still young, at the threshold of their profession, to accept a lot of assertions about the Bible that it takes a lifetime often to understand. It is not really necessary that they should do it. The beliefs that they must have, if they are to be useful ministers, are few and simple.

"The ministerial employment seems nowadays to have two branches, one of them concerned with spiritual matters and the other with organization and its fruits as they appear in what we call good works. The aim of organization seems to be largely to take care of people's material needs. That branch of the ministerial employment is concerned a good deal with raising money and spending it. The other branch has to do with quite a different matter—with reaching into the invisible world and drawing out of it strength and direction for human life, and that is a very personal adventure to which organization can be only supplementary. Both of these labors, of course, are important, but this last office is the great function of the ministry. Religion is the tie that binds the visible to the invisible world. The pith of religion is the belief in immortality. The practice of religion has to do with the relief of material human

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needs, but for the spirit that incites us to succor the widows and the fatherless, the needy and the sick, and to foster the increase of knowledge, we are instructed to go to the great source of charity and understanding in the invisible world. The church by its existence, by its service, by its institutions helps us to do that. It gives us assurance that the invisible world is accessible to us, that there is help for us there if we will seek it. And so it helps, or should help, us to get a better understanding of our relations with men and a better intelligence in dealing with them. Those are the things the world now most needs—more than food, more than clothes, more than relief of any kind, though the need of these in many countries is still bitter beyond all precedent. It needs understanding of life, understanding of our fellow-men, and an inspired intelligence in putting ourselves in their places and dealing with them as we should wish to be dealt with.

"The office of the Bible is to help to give us that understanding of life. We get it mainly from the New Testament, of which the Old Testament is the background, and, to us Christians, mainly valuable in that capacity. We do not, as Christians, profess to get our standards of conduct from the Old Testament, or shape our deportment on the behavior of the Israelites. We are not excused for anything we do because the Israelites did it. They are not the example we profess to follow. That example is in the New Testament. Accordingly, we have no serious occasion to worry about what seems to us misconduct in the Children of Israel, or about the locutions their historians used in recording their exploits. Still, the Old Testament is very interesting in showing us how folks behaved in Asia some centuries ago, and what sort of religion they had, and New Testament and Old are alike in recording a steady, operating, and inspiring belief in the invisible world, and that is one of the vastly important matters to understanding of which the Bible gives invaluable help."

—Extract from article by Edward S. Martin in "Editor's Easy Chair" of Harper's Magazine for January, 1923.

HIS EXCELLENCY TIM HEALY

BY FRANK DILNOT

THE appointment of Mr. T. M. Healy, K.C., as Governor-General of the Irish Free State has lifted into prominence once more a vital and scintillating personality. "Tim Healy," as he was known by everybody in the House of Commons for a long period of years, was a shining light in an assembly where individuality counts far more than any correctitude of political principle. That is another way of saying that he was an ardent human soul, and there are few of these in any legislature, however distinguished. He never was the leader of the Irish party, and it is one of the paradoxes of the man that it was his very bigness which stood in the way of his appointment as commander-in-chief. He was too utterly contemptuous of petty convention, far too impatient to conciliate stupidity; he could not bother with the management of mediocre M.P.'s, and so in philosophical detachment he surveyed a field of battle into which he occasionally descended with the force of a thunderbolt.

If from this you have the impression that Mr. Healy was an aloof, austere picture of dignity, consumed with a sense of his own importance, you are mistaken. Mr. Healy—I recall him well in Parliament—was a short, thickset man, with head canted forward, and with reflective eyes hidden behind glasses, a man who never obtruded himself; the kindest, gentlest, and most modest of individuals in private, who would go out of his way to do a good turn for any acquaintance in need of it; just a type of amiable middle-aged benevolence. To the unseeing and unthinking who had never had the chance of observing him in action Tim Healy might have appeared a reserved and somewhat stodgy merchant who had retired from business, who concealed obtuseness behind a comfortable placidity. And yet this was the man whom the keenest minds and the greatest fighters for a quarter of a century in the British

International

TIMOTHY HEALY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF IRELAND

Parliament knew as "Tiger Tim." I can see him now in those years between 1907 and 1912, when I observed Parliament from the Press Gallery, as he sat at the end of a bench below the gangway in silk hat tilted over his forehead, apparently somnolent, as a debate droned on. And then I can see him taking his hat from his head, rising slowly from his seat as he placed his hat on the bench beside him, and in his deep tones saying, "Mr. Speaker, I rise to oppose the amendment." It was like an electric spark in the dull House. Within a minute members were flocking in from the lobby, from the smoking-rooms and the dining-rooms. "Tim Healy is up!" That was enough. With measured mordancy and rolling phrases which cut like a whiplash, he attacked the Government, and then, at a cheering word from the Opposition, he turned slowly to them and poured words of vitriol on his applauders; and after that, being at feud with some of his own compatriots, he gestured slow contempt towards them. And, finally, dropping every trace of bitterness, in a few pungent sentences he went to the heart of the matter under discussion, showing a clarity of thought and a wise generosity which was as dramatic as anything that had preceded it. Altogether he did not speak for more than a quarter of an hour; it was the event of the sitting. I began to have a new comprehension of the famous Tim Healy.

Many stories are told about his wit, but they give only one side of the man. Naturally, it is an interesting side. There was the famous instance when, the Foreign Office vote being under discussion, he tried to bring in some burning question about Ireland, and the Speaker stopped him as being out of order; only foreign countries must be referred to. "I bow to your ruling," said Mr. Healy, gravely. "I speak now as a native of Uganda. I was born in Uganda." The staggered House gasped for breath, and the Speaker sought in his mind for precedents, and then Mr. Healy went on with an almost ponderous gravity to argue the needs for a canal system in his native Uganda, some of the cities in which bore names like Ballyglass and the administrators of

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which had names like Pat Coghlan. With a seriousness which refused to be disturbed by the peals of laughter, he made out a trenchant case for reform in his native country.

A few days ago a friend of mine asked Lord Balfour, the great protagonist of the Tories in those days, what was the funniest comment he ever heard Tim Healy make. Lord Balfour replied: "Why, once when his Irish colleague, Joe Devlin, rose and poured forth torrents of eloquence, Tim obliterated the effects of Devlin's excellent speech by rising and saying, with deep decorum, 'I have listened to the claptrap of this duodecimo Demosthenes.'" You have to realize the extremely short and extremely thickset figure of Mr. Devlin, as well as to know his gifts of fervent expression, to understand the merriment which shook the House of Commons at the tribute from his political colleague.

But this serves, as I have said, only to express a small part of the new Governor-General for Ireland. With a deadly wit, an incapacity for suffering fools gladly, with hidden fires of patriotic passion, Mr. Healy combines one of the most practical minds of his generation among Irish statesmen. A master of eloquence, words are but trifles to him; he is concerned about facts, facts all the time. Excellent sentiments leave him unmoved; what he wants are results.

I see that he has just been interviewed on his appointment; and what was his main theme in a genial talk? It was this: That England must remove the quarantine embargo on Irish cattle, because it was by the cattle industry that Ireland could be helped towards prosperity. That cattle question cropped up throughout the talk. Mr. Healy, knowing well that his words would be fully reported, rammed it home in half a dozen ways. I dare say it seemed a little incidental to some readers of the newspapers, but Mr. Healy knew what he was after; I have little doubt that he will get it.

A more unpretentious man of eminence could not be found. He is always accessible; he puts on not the slightest air of superiority, apart perhaps from the fact that he generally wears a tailed coat and a silk hat, being naturally a well-groomed man. But if one has an idea that Mr. Healy has within him deeply ingrained feelings of what, for want of a better term, may be called democracy it is well to be prepared for new surprises. I have heard Mr. Healy described, and I believe with some truth, as the great Irish Tory. With all his unostentatiousness, he is a mental aristocrat; with all his gentleness of demeanor, he is a believer in authority. If any one takes liberties with this apparently meek-mannered man, he gets the shock of his life; he was not called "Tiger Tim" for nothing. Meeting him face to face, a student of men will be impressed immediately by that wonderful forehead—high and rounded, with something that gives at once a sense of nobility. You may light a quizzicalness in those deep-set eyes, but they will go back to a dreaminess which somehow implies a vision denied to lesser mortals. He has a natural dignity of spirit which goes well with his new office. Moreover, he is big enough to see that the fate and the happiness of Ireland are linked up with the fate and happiness of England. He is not provincial; he will be as much at home in Downing Street as he is in Dublin. It seems that he has the wholehearted confidence of Ireland; he has no less the confidence of the people of Britain—a confidence, be it said, mingled with affection.

SIBERIA—A FIRST LESSON IN INTERNATIONAL POLITICS

BY CHARLES HODGES

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF THE DIVISION OF ORIENTAL COMMERCE AND POLITICS, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

WITH A MAP BY THE AUTHOR

OF all things men fight for to-day, from the Occident to the Orient, by all odds the greatest trouble-breeder on earth is business hunger.

Modern nations more and more find themselves in the hard grasp of industrial necessity. They are driven into a scramble for raw materials and widening markets. The battle for the world's business has placed the dollar sign in the forefront of international relations.

Yet the world is waging a war against new wars.

The danger confronting the world is not in the competition of international business itself; but in the backing up of commercial interests by military force.

Those fearsome of the new conflicts which can well flare up from the embers of the Great War have long seen this danger to peace. The world's business, however, is clearly seeing that military adventures to open up world markets are not only dangerous but are commercially futile.

This is a first lesson in the reconstruction of international politics. Probably nowhere in the world has it been better exemplified than in the case of the Japanese military machine in Siberia.

Business—the business of finding the Mikado's land elbow-room for economic expansion—and not politics brought Japan into Siberia under cover of the Great War. It is also business, not the politicians, which has taken the Japanese Empire out again. After five years of militant experimentation, the imperialistic balance-sheet can show not a single yen of dividends; to the contrary, there is a deficit running into the hundreds of millions.

CAIDA, WHO COMMANDED THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS IN EASTERN SIBERIA

THE STARTING-POINT: ALLIED INTERVENTION

The war-time resurrection of Czechoslovakian nationality among 50,000 prisoners of old Russia in the Ukraine when Bolshevism was in its beginnings furnished the starting-point. Caught as pawns between Red and Allied diplomacy in Europe, the Czechoslovaks finally turned on the Bolsheviks and commenced to fight their way out eastward through Siberia. They became a screen behind which the anti-Reds and, eventually, the Allies operated in a struggle to confine Bolshevism to the west.

Occupying the shoestring of the Trans-Siberian Railway from the Urals to the Pacific, by the summer of 1918 the Czechoslovaks found their position thoroughly unsatisfactory from a military and a political standpoint. Allied intervention from the Far East took place nominally to extricate these war-made friends without a country stranded in the heart of Eurasia. The United States participated with extreme reluctance. It was on the express understanding with her allies that the purpose was to

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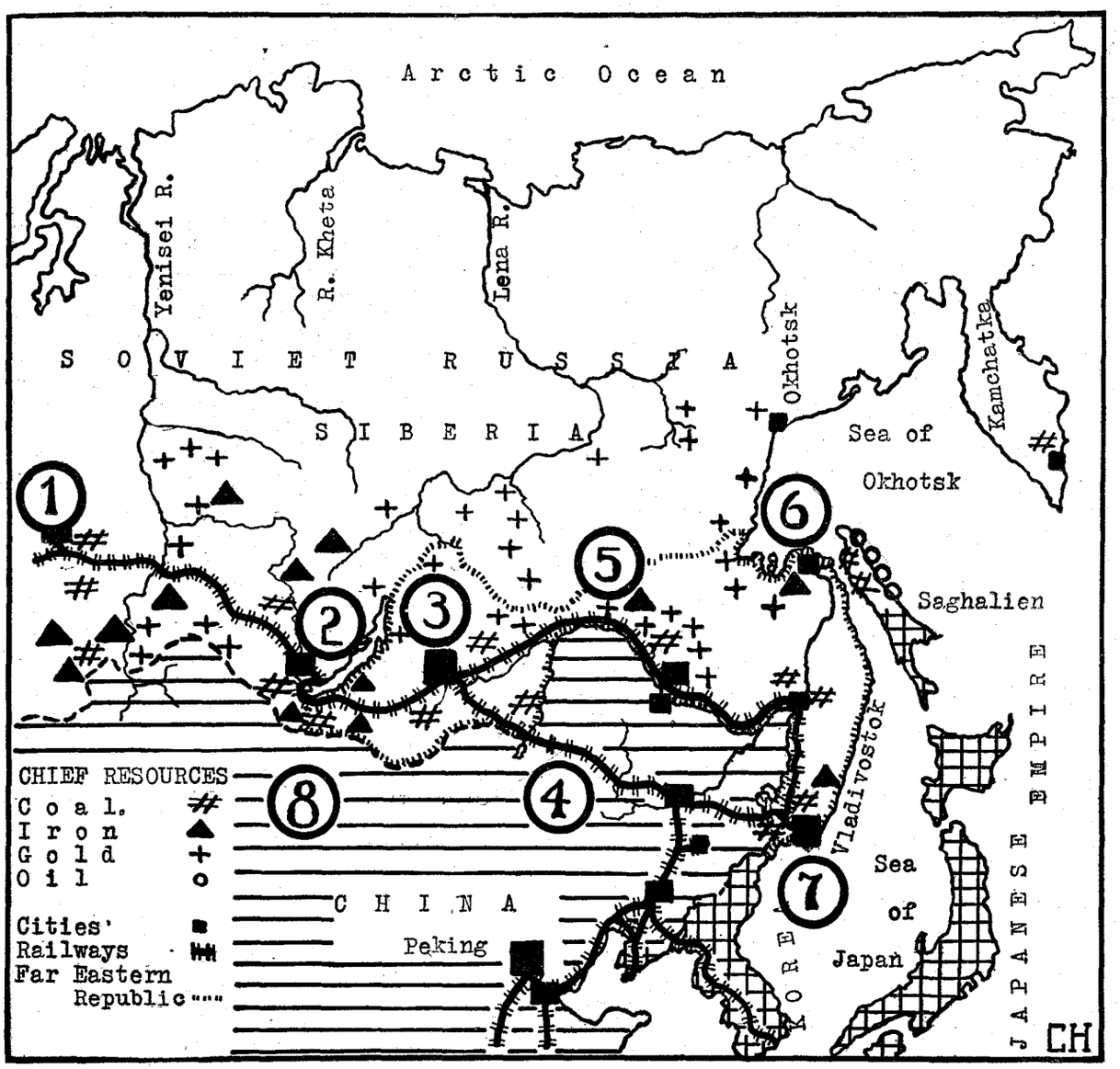

WHY JAPAN PLAYED A LONE HAND IN SIBERIA

(1) The Allies intervene in the summer of 1918 to extricate the Czechoslovakian troops whose evacuation through Siberia became threatened by the advance of the Reds occupying western Siberia after the coup of the Whites (anti-Reds).

(2) The anti-Bolshevik Kolchak Government, forced eastward from Omsk to Irkutsk, on Lake Baikal, collapses in the winter of 1919-20 under Bolshevik attacks from the west and uprisings against the Whites in the east.

(3) The Far Eastern Republic is established by pro-Bolshevik Siberians in Chita in the early part of 1921, and becomes a buffer state between the Soviets and Whites occupying the Maritime Province with the support of the Japanese.

(4) The Japanese forces become dominant with the withdrawal of the Allies and the United States on the completion of the repatriation of the Czechoslovaks through Vladivostok (7), although the Interallied Technical Commission continues to administer the Chinese eastern section of the Trans-Siberian Railway where it crosses Manchuria (4).

(5) The Far Eastern Republic, consolidating its control along the Amur, comes into conflict with Japan, which alone remained in occupation of Russian soil after 1920.

(6) This aroused bitter hostility among the Russian population, resulting in the Nikolaevsk affair, in which a Japanese garrison and residents were wiped out, etc.

(7) Therefore the Japanese remained in control of Vladivostok, the Pacific gateway to Russia, the mouth of the Amur, and the Russian part of Saghalien; ostensibly to secure reparations, but actually to intrench Japan in control of the vast resources of the Russian East. Japanese statecraft desired to fortify her position on the Pacific.

(8) In the meantime Bolshevik moves against the White raiders operating from Chinese territory with Japanese support result in the Reds supplanting the Chinese overlordship in Outer Mongolia and seeking to build up a sovietized buffer state.

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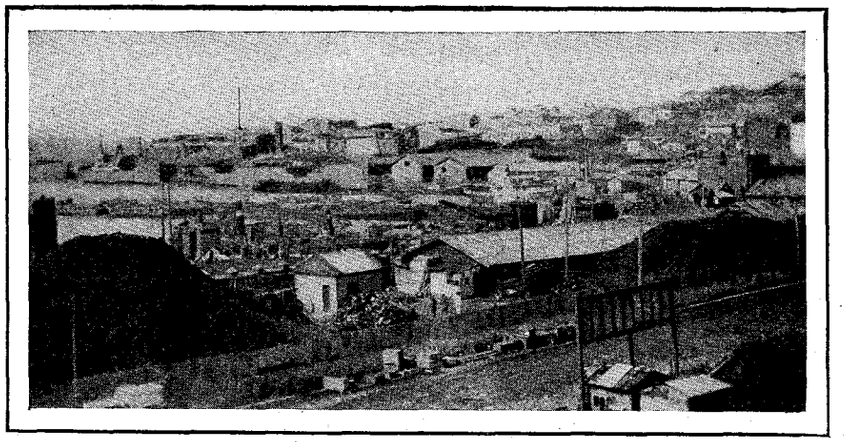


VLADIVOSTOK—A VIEW INCLUDING PART OF THE HARBOR

be limited to the repatriation of the Czechoslovaks. America, however, found herself in the position of being the principal obstacle in the way of the Japanese efforts to capitalize the Allied intervention in a business way.

The Japanese high command, with the military party in Tokyo dominating Japan's diplomacy, speedily showed its hand. Although all the Powers agreed that none should send more than 7,200 men, Japan swamped the joint intervention with 77,000; and, with military policy on the basis of seniority invested in the Japanese commander-in-chief, the Japanese forces overwhelmingly dominated eastern Siberia. While they dealt with this part of the Russian East from Lake Baikal to the Pacific as though Japan had won it by right of conquest, American soldiers convoyed our publicity agents attempting to reassure the Siberians as to Allied intentions and undertook to rehabilitate the railways in the face of Japanese obstruction of a deliberately provocative character.

THE SIBERIAN STAKES

There was no secret about Japan's intentions. The vital need of the Mikado's land was not political expansion for her population so much as assuring herself of the economic resources at hand in East Asia for industrialization. Siberia's natural wealth beckoned irresistibly, and the Japanese high command seemed in a position to deliver the commercial opportunity Japanese business needed.

So long as the Great War lasted the Western Powers could do nothing to upset Japan's military screen, behind which Japanese business established itself. Finally, with the Czechoslovaks evacuated and the anti-Bolsheviks collapsing, the Allies and America withdrew their forces from Siberia; but the Japanese stayed, in spite of ambiguous promises to leave the Russian East. Japan, after the temporary reduction of her troops forced by the United States earlier, promptly increased them again to 100,000, converted strategic cities of the Amur and the Maritime Provinces into virtual Japanese fortresses, backed the sanguinary troop of anti-Red "patriots" plundering under the guise of a counter-revolution, and, at the price of evacuation, tried to buy their way into an economic mastery of the Pacific coast.

But reactionary and invader inevitably found their position more and more precarious as the provinces of the old Russian Empire from Transbaikalia, through the Amur, Priamur, and the maritime regions, even to Vladivostok rose against this spoliation. From the movement backed by the Bolsheviks, now supreme in the rest of Siberia, there grew the buffer state of the "Far Eastern Republic," including in these provinces, with an area of over 1,000,000 square miles, a population of 2,000,000, and vast resources of coal, iron, and other strategic minerals. With the Japanese diplomacy employing every means to intrench itself in this veritable treasure-house of the Far East, there came the Washington Conference.

THE FAILURE OF "MILITARY UNDERWRITING"

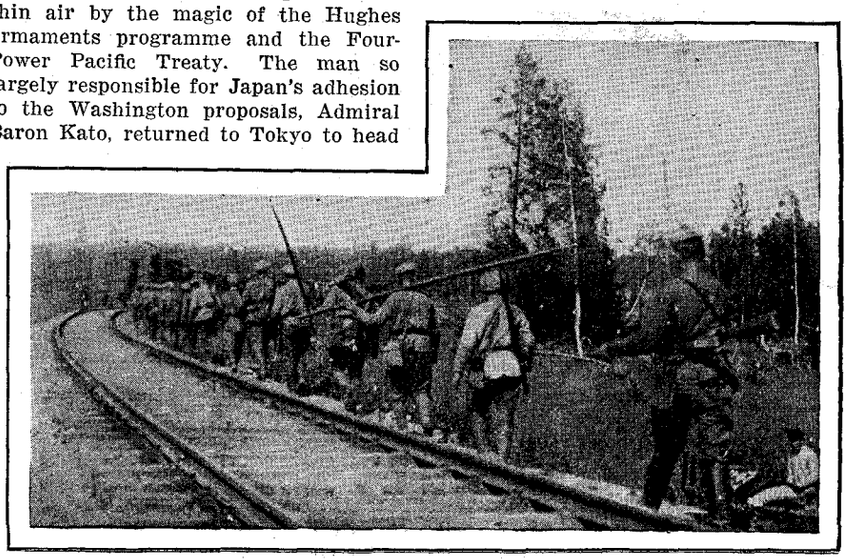
The Arms Conference insured the failure of the Japanese efforts to dominate the commercial future of Siberia for generations by this attempt at the "military underwriting" of Japan's business needs.

The jingoistic basis of a Japanese forward policy in the East—to insure Japan against the menace of encroaching "white-manism"—was dissipated into thin air by the magic of the Hughes armaments programme and the Four-Power Pacific Treaty. The man so largely responsible for Japan's adhesion to the Washington proposals, Admiral Baron Kato, returned to Tokyo to head the Government of the Mikado's land in June of 1922; and as Premier of Japan he immediately launched a struggle to carry out the spirit of the negotiations in the New World. His coming into office meant governmental economy, sadly needed by Japanese business under the strain of world-wide deflation, the reduction of the Japanese army, and the fulfillment of Japanese promises at Washington to withdraw from Siberia. It was a decisive defeat for the military party; and it put an end to the scheme of using the Japanese high command to underwrite the economic ambitions of the Mikado's land for the monopolistic exploitation of Siberia.

NEW WORLD POLITICS FOR OLD

The Kato Ministry has taught Japan a first lesson in international relations: force defeats its own ends if economic advantage is the objective in this new world of business realities. It has cost the Mikado's land half a billion yen gold (perhaps as high as $370,000,000 gold) to find out in Siberia that a military machine cannot make business for a nation to-day.

So, five years after the Allied intervention began the occupation of Siberia as an emergency measure born of the Great War, Japan has completed her evacuation of the last stronghold held by her on the Russian mainland of Asia. When one pauses to weigh this little-understood episode of the Great War, the diplomatic marvel of the situation comes home. Overnight a great scheme of empire has collapsed. It was not because of any dramatic challenge of Japan's course of action from the Western Powers. It was upset by a turn of world events about the Mikado's land bringing home to the Japanese people the high costs of military adventure. Japan sounded taps on embattled business in Siberia because it failed as a dollars-and-cents proposition. There is nothing in it that Japan cannot get much more easily by friendly business statesmanship which builds up, instead of tearing down, international relations.



CZECHOSLOVAKS RETIRING ALONG THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY

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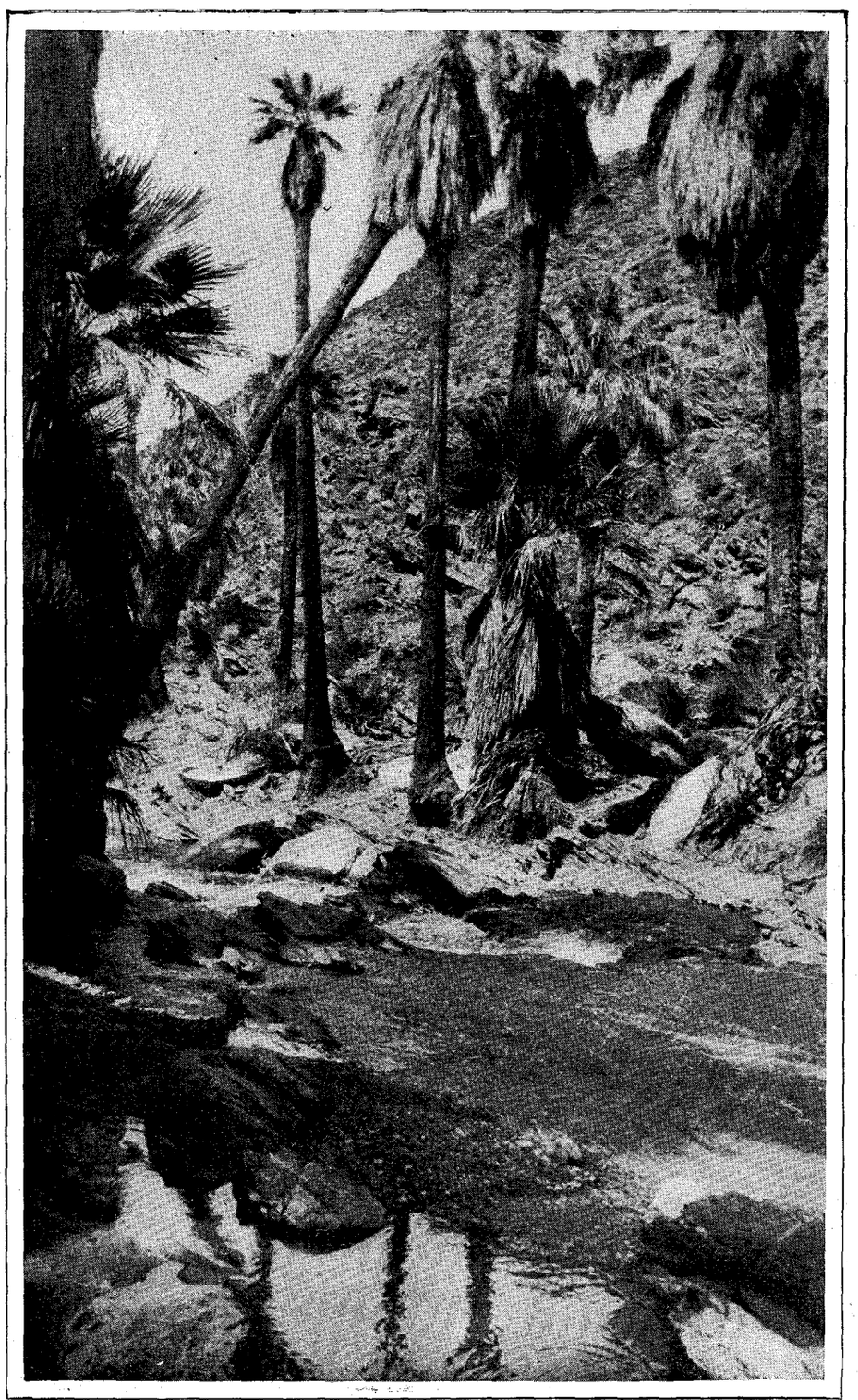
SCENERY SAVED



From Miss Alcyon Robinson, Los Angeles, California

NATIVE PALMS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

"With their feet in the water, their heads in the sun," according to Arabian agriculturists' directions for growing palms, these ancient native palms of Southern California flourish in rock-bound Palm Canyon, 116 miles south of Los Angeles. These are said to be the only remaining native wild palms to be found in the United States. Recently the United States Government created the Monument of Palms, a park 1,600 acres in extent, to safeguard these giant sentinels of the desert

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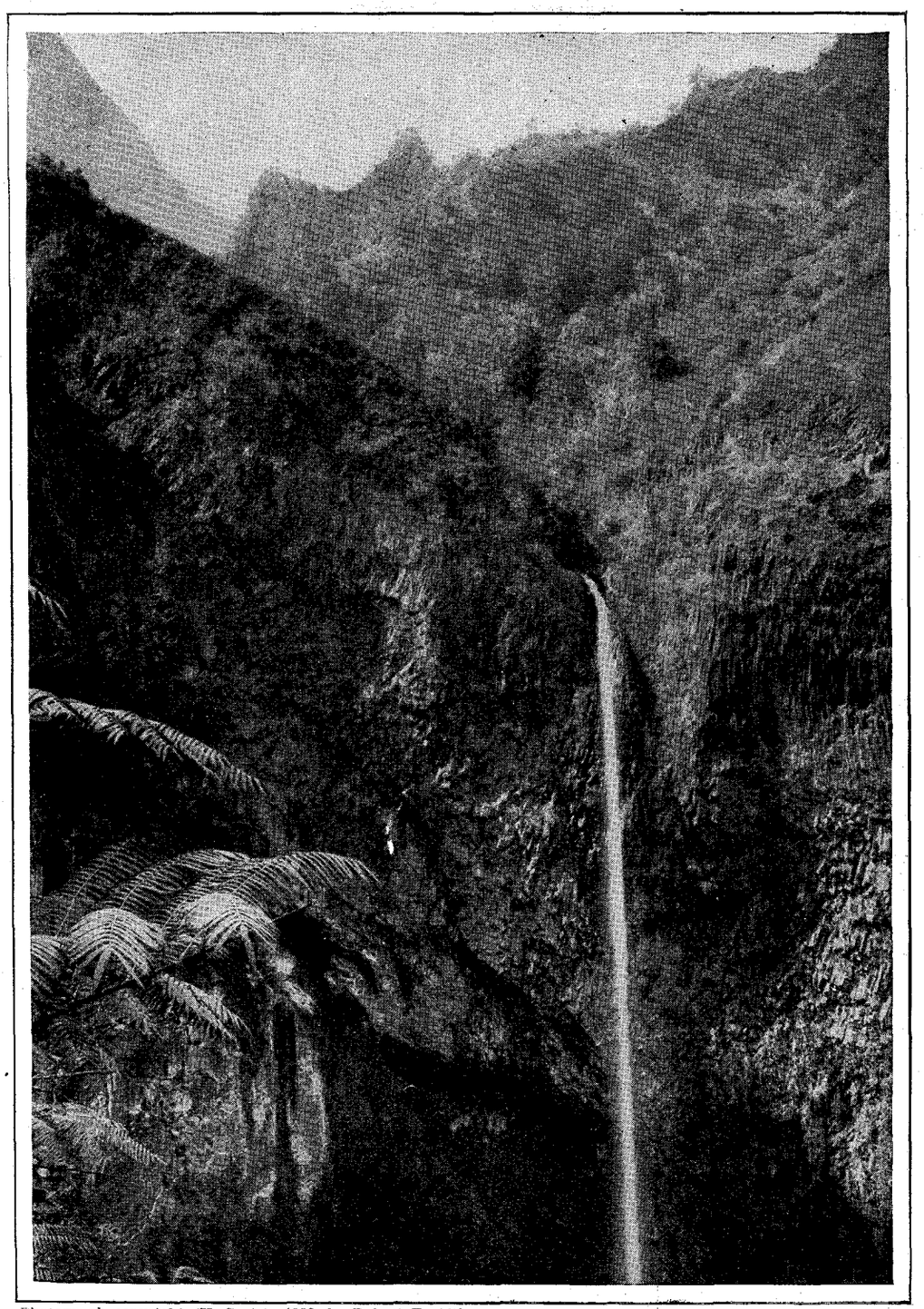

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FAATAUA FALLS, NEAR PAPETE, TAHITI

"The Falls of Faataua have repaid many a nature lover for his laborious climb to the only vantage point from which their full beauty may be seen. Unfortunately for those who have not yet made that climb," our contributor says, "it happens that the infant industries of Tahiti need inexpensive electricity to foster their growth. A power company has been granted the right to use the Falls for a hydroelectric plant, for which the survey and preliminary plans have already been completed. And so even in isolated, easy-going Tahiti beauty must be sacrificed that commercialism may flourish!"

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THE DIFFICULT ART OF BEING A JEW

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

ANOTHER came to me the other day with a story that set me thinking about the subject-matter of this article. I have lived practically my entire life in an American environment—only a few memory glimpses of Nevski Prospect and the brilliant St. Petersburg of the old régime are out of the New World picture—and I have taken both my Judaism and my Americanism for granted. One doesn't argue about the virtues of his parents, especially if he is indebted to them head over heels for whatever has made life worth living.

The mother—let us call her Mrs. Rosengarten—was in a state of extreme agitation.

"My son Myron has not been admitted to ——." She named a well-known medical college in an Eastern State.

"Better luck next time," I comforted. "Perhaps he will pass his examinations successfully if he works a bit harder. Myron is a very young man. He can afford another year of general training. In fact, it will do him good."

"I am afraid," she sighed, "that there's no hope for my boy. They didn't tell me so, but I know he was kept out for only one reason: he is a Jew."

"Mrs. Rosengarten," I urged, as patiently as I knew how, "aren't you falling into an old fallacy? Why should you rush to embrace martyrdom? There are surely other reasons than the one you named. Did you inquire about the results of the test?"

She explained that Myron had been subjected to the new psychological tests. She had ascertained that his rating was very high. It was so high, in fact, that the boy had entertained no doubts about his admission. He had taken it for granted that prospective students would be accepted in the order of their standing, and his was among the ranking five. When the notice of rejection came, it carried with it no palliative in the form of a reason. Nothing was stated except the bare fact that Myron Rosengarten was not to be admitted at the medical school in question. Both the boy and the mother drew the inference I found it hard to accept.

"Mother," the boy had queried in his despair, "am I an American or am I not?"

The youth had always taken for granted one of the implications of Americanism—a square deal. The exclusion had made him feel *declassé*. He had been born in this country, and had assumed until the shock of his last experience that no American could possibly be humiliated as he had been. A normal lad, studious, mischievous, a dreamer of adolescent dreams, a devotee of athletics, he had set his heart on becoming a physician. He would have taken gamely rejection for any fault that it lay in his power to remedy. What had struck him, he felt, was a blow in the dark. His patriotism, his most sacred beliefs in American democracy and fair play, were outraged. In his anguish came the first great doubt of his life, expressed in "Am I an American or am I not?"

A SHELL-SHOCKED PEOPLE

IT occurred to me, after I had heard this mother's story, that I belonged to a shell-shocked people. Everything which seems queer to other people about Jewish reactions may be explained by this hypothesis. Sometimes the shocked condition is inherited; sometimes it comes as it did to this boy. The feeling is akin to the sting of a lash meant for slaves on the back of a free man, the harsh word intended for a gutter-snipe addressed to a gentleman of refinement, the realization that the world is standing on its head topsy-turvy, that virtues are vices, that white is black. The remnants of Russian nobility earning a precarious livelihood as waiters and waitresses in the *café chantants* of Harbin, China, know exactly what I mean.

Because of this condition of mind and soul a Jew frequently sees anti-Semitism where none is intended. He starts violently at the rustling of a piece of paper carried along by the wind. Over-conscious of his Jewishness and super-sensitive to what others, non-Jews, do and say, he ascribes devious motives to their simplest actions. It is so easy and convenient to explain away all the failures of life by reference to this one cause that the weakling falls readily into the temptation. He can always cite plenty of examples, and is never at a loss for seeming justification of his abnormality.

While I cannot sympathize with constant whining and complaining, feeling that such yielding to petty irritation is a far cry from our Maccabean inheritance, I can understand its genesis and its possible cure. Hilaire Belloc in his latest book on the Jews expresses surprise at the abnormal reactions of Jews socially. The very word, "Jew," he says, "is regarded by some of my coreligionists as a term of reproach." Some of his friends were offended when he referred to them as Jews. It is true, obversely, that some simple-minded Jews are more or less flattered when they are not recognized as such. All this is a phase of shell-shock. There is always in most Jews the sub-conscious fear, "Where will the next brick come from?"

Take a normal people with a passion for initiative and leadership, expose them for thousands of years to persecution, to active and passive hatreds, to cruelties as fiendish as any devised by the ingenious brain of man to rack his fellow human beings, and you are bound to get some queer reactions. Native strength, blue blood, call it what you will, is bound to assert itself again and again in spite of any obstacles that may be put up. But also there is bound to appear on many a face the furtive look of those who dwell in everlasting fear and in many a form the cringing stoop of the man who imminently expects to be kicked. Most often the furtive expression and the cringing stoop are not seen. They are in the soul.

Conditions and environment have been responsible for great changes among Jews. With a natural adaptiveness, they look and act like the people among whom they find themselves. The best example of this principle is the Italian Jew, who in every respect is an Italian like the others. There are no discrepancies, no differences whatsoever, between the Roman or the Venetian Jew and his fellow-citizen except such as are inherent in different religious practices. From a civic, social, intellectual, commercial, and political standpoint they are indistinguishable.

A striking test can be made by any one interested. Take a picture of a typical Galician Jew with his ear-locks and his long *capote* or cloak, and place it beside that of an American Jew of the same social status. And the psychic differences will seem even greater than the physical. Thank God, the American Jew still walks upright! As some one once said, "A country gets the kind of Jews it deserves."

The condition of shell-shock is not the result merely of what happened in the remote past. In fact, it has been truly noted that the way to eliminate the Jew is to make him happy and prosperous. In his exalted state of freedom from care and worry he irons out all distinctions between himself and his fellows, intermarries freely, changes his religion because it keeps him from ready intercourse with his neighbors, and becomes completely assimilated. But where there is constant prodding, where a man's Judaism makes a difference in his social or civic rights, the Jew often develops stubborn resistance. It is the old fable of the wind and the sun.

SYMPATHY WITH SUFFERING CO-RELIGIONISTS

ISRAEL is scattered over the entire inhabited globe, although the total number of Jews throughout the world is estimated at only fifteen million. Here and there in scattered communities they get together for social as well as religious purposes. Among Jews the world over there is a bond of sympathy which is difficult to explain. It functions principally in the relief of suffering, rarely in co-operative constructive effort. The

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myth of Jewish world domination will remain a myth as long as the Jewish temperament reacts substantially as it now does. In the main, the impulse for initiative and leadership is so strong that there are always too many officers and too few followers. One need only observe the irrevocable schisms in Jewish religion, in Jewish life, letters, and political opinion—Zionistic feuds are a good example—to realize how fantastic, how wildly improbable, is the yarn about world conquest.

Every Jew is a potential philanthropist. The reason for this is very clear. From the first moment of Jewish consciousness he is made to realize his responsibility for every other Jew on the face of the earth. Strangely enough, this lesson is impressed upon him by non-Jews. If a Jew misbehaves in a public place, if his voice is too loud, his manner too aggressive, his clothing too flashy, he overhears some such remark as: "The Jews! They never know how to behave." The flip generalization in one fell swoop covers every one of the Jewish faith in hovel and palace, in homes of refinement and culture as well as in slum tenements located in the foreign quarters of overgrown cities. If a Jew commits larceny, it is not a *thief* who took the money but again that strange criminal *the Jew*, who never could be trusted. On the other hand, if he attains eminence the classification no longer holds. Thus Bergson is the great French philosopher, Mendelssohn the great German composer, and Einstein the great German scientist.

Because of this the Jew develops a "jumpy" state of nerves. He is so often swept into the wrong category that he accepts it as a regular thing, although his resentment at the injustice never wanes. Seldom must any other group, classified in any way whatsoever, listen to so much unintelligent, often malicious, opinion about itself.

THE SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES

THE American Jew has always rightfully considered himself fortunate. He pitied Jews who had to live anywhere else. His only rival in happiness was perhaps the English Jew. English people have stolidly upheld the privileges accorded to British Jews by Anglo-Saxon tradition. Both in the United States and in England hostile propaganda against the Jews as a group was unknown. There may have been isolated cases of dislike or prejudice, but no organized attack of the kind that developed in both countries after the war.

In England anti-Semitism has proved more or less futile. It has resulted in no special hardship for British Jews, although the sensation of being berated is in itself not pleasant. In the United States, unfortunately, the effects seem to have been more damaging. Mob thinking is responsible. It is so easy to get on the band wagon and shout against some one. Rationalizing dislike is an old sport of tyrants.

The hue and cry against the immigrant has left its impress upon the Jew, in spite of the fact that the latter is hardly a newcomer on American soil. There were Jews in the New Amsterdam of Peter Stuyvesant and patriotic Jewish communities in Revolutionary days. Haym Salomon, who gave his fortune to the cause of freedom, is a well-known instance, but there were many others just as devoted, if less affluent. In spite of a few loud-mouthed agitators who make themselves easily heard, Americans of the Jewish faith, like their fellow-citizens, have stood ever ready, as the statistics of the World War attest, to give, not only their wealth, but their lives, at their country's call. The immigrant Jews who settled here came to stay. Their descendants are to be found in every walk of commerce, industry, art, science, and professional life to-day. Any person so inclined can draw up with the aid of "Who's Who" his own list of eminent men and women who profess the Jewish faith. This is mentioned merely to explain the resentment of the Jew in being regarded either directly or by implication as an outsider.

To understand, therefore, how difficult it is to be a Jew one must hypothesize an honest, earnest effort to make good, thwarted on every hand by ignorance and malice. That this ignorance and malice are often found in unexpected places makes the situation all the more complex.

Assume, friend reader, that you are an American Jew whose parents and grandparents were born here—in short, that you have no connections that matter with any other country. In the days before the war you found your faith no bar to success or happiness. Every place worth getting, every acquaintance or friend worth having, was yours if you had the gifts of personality to acquire them. It is true that some college fraternities discriminated against Jewish young men and women, no matter how eligible otherwise, but this was no handicap. In every college there were non-sectarian groups that recognized your merit if you had it.

To-day you would find the air charged with suspicion. Your desire to live normally, with your Judaism in your subconsciousness, where it belongs, would be constantly baffled. If you become, as a result of the frigid attitude of others, somewhat shy and retiring, you are accused of clannishness. Should you put on a bold front and determine to batter your way to recognition, you hear murmurs that you are ill-bred and aggressive. Such conduct is expected of you. The familiar generalization is flaunted, the generalization you have been expecting and dreading all the while: "The Jews are—" Supply the missing adjectives.

Suppose you are readily accepted, as often happens, into the society of your equals; your lot even then is somewhat precarious unless your friends are of the sort that judge you by your quality and not by your label. You become that well-known phenomenon, the "Jewish friend" who is used to prove the tolerance of your neighbor every time he proves particularly disagreeable to one of your co-religionists. "I have many Jewish friends," is an expression a Jew dreads to hear. He immediately translates it to mean what it does: "I am always conscious of the fact that you and I are different." Another abhorred locution comes in the form of an insulting compliment: "You do not look like a Jew." This, freely paraphrased, implies: "Jews are awful freaks. I am happy to note that you, old scout, look human."

The art of being a Jew is thus seen to be difficult socially, though not impossible. One needs a good, thick skin and occasionally convenient mental obtuseness. An attitude of detachment from other Jews helps also. Happy is the absolutely independent mortal who has no concern for others of his kind. He does not suffer vicariously.

I will not here go into the familiar annoyances of a social nature, such as exclusion from certain neighborhoods, houses, summer hotels. Refined American Jews are very cautious about choosing their residences as well as their summer resorts. They do not wish to invite insult. A diverting jest about "consumptives, dogs, and Jews not admitted" was sometimes included in the prospectus, to make the punishment fit the crime.

Again, although these problems can and have been satisfactorily solved—the refined Jew never goes where he is not wanted—nevertheless the very fact of their existence is irritating psychically. It leaves a scar somewhere on the soul and contributes to the shell-shocked condition to which I have already referred. To get the full force of this assume that you are the son or daughter of a blue-blooded, ancient race, that your ancestors were among the first to give the world a code of practical ethics, that they were responsible for the accepted religion of most of the civilized population of the globe, that they were of undisputed aristocratic lineage, that their family tree included sages, heroes, and kings. Then have a moron bar you from his summer hotel in some such merry fashion as I have indicated, and you will not be in the mood to repeat with Browning, "All's well with the world!"

Commercially and industrially you are again the prey of the prejudiced and the unthinking. If only an absolute standard were held before you which you must attain before being admitted into the ranks of desirable workers, you would have no right to complain. But some of the very best positions are closed to you by reason of your faith. Newspaper advertisements, more or less frankly, make this clear to you. The usual euphemism is, "Christian firm has an opening for," etc. You are defeated

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before the battle begins. No interview, no chance to make good, is yours. For that reason Jews seek independence as soon as they can get it. This phase has in itself more than enough material for an article. I am interested only in pointing out that it exists and contributes to making the art of being a Jew more difficult.

The college situation is familiar to all. In some instances, as in the case of young Rosengarten, there seems to have been a miscarriage of justice. A recent editorial in The Outlook contains a point of view worth considering. Colleges, it pointed out, have their standards and their traditions to maintain. They are responsible to this and future generations for the cultural training of their students, their professional skill and ethics, their preparation for leadership. The colleges cannot, therefore, be censured for rejecting men who would impair or make impossible this important work. But no race or religious lines must be drawn. Accept or reject Jews according to the same standards as others, whatever those standards may be, mental, social, physical, ethical.

This leads to a few suggestions for making the art of being a Jew less difficult of achievement. The Outlook editorial to which I refer suggests a solution.

First of all, the American Jew must feel, as he has felt heretofore, that absolute criteria of *worth* will be applied in judging his fitness for taking his place and doing his share in various fields of National life and endeavor. This principle to be effective must have a sweeping application socially, commercially, industrially, professionally, educationally. He must not for a moment suspect that European taboos of caste, race, creed, prevail here. Merit, and merit only, in a broad sense, must be made the open sesame to everything and every one American worth while.

A corollary of this principle is the Rooseveltian "square deal." The American Jew must be as reasonably sure of getting it in private life as he would be before the most impartial court of justice in the world.

Secondly, non-Jews who are above accepting the superficial generalizations which are so confounding and confusing must preach to all the gospel of patience. The Jews have their share of undesirables. These must not be accepted as typical or characteristic. The faults of the older immigrant generation, and especially of the younger, uncertain, second generation, will gradually be worn away. They are due to maladjustments which time will correct. Especially is this true of the loudness, aggressiveness, and bad manners generally of a vociferous group which includes both slum inhabitant and *nouveau riche*. The Jew must be regarded as neither devil nor saint, just a plain human being strikingly like others in his vices and virtues.

Thirdly, let us bring to bear on the Jewish problem as well as on other perplexing phases of our National life the gift of understanding. Agitator and propagandist tremble before the thinker. It is the last who gets at the truth behind the smoke screen of their words. Remember that the Jew has suffered many, many years from a campaign of misrepresentation. Give him the benefit of your own experience. Such an attitude is bound to subtract something from the total of the world's misery. Above all, we must keep free from the poisons of the Old World.

I have endeavored briefly to sketch a few considerations for the guidance of my fellow-citizens who have found Jewish psychology a bit perplexing. The writer is a born optimist. He continues to cherish, in spite of everything, a feeling that all will turn out well in the end, that a day will come, hastened by Americans of the Roosevelt type, when we may all, by emphasizing similarities instead of differences, "live happily ever after."

THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC

WHAT IS GOOD SINGING?[1]

BY W. J. HENDERSON

IF you observe the character of the demonstrations made by the audiences which attend the operatic performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, you will probably arrive at the conclusion that the essentials of good singing are loudness of tone and ability to emit sounds of unusually acute pitch. Yet it is only a few years since thousands hung upon the purely musical delivery of Mme. Sembrich, or listened with delight to the stream of liquid melody from the lips of Mme. Melba. And still a little later Carnegie Hall used to be crowded whenever the former gave one of her incomparable song recitals, in which the highest and lasting ideals of good singing were exemplified. For the true definition of good singing makes it the art of interpreting text by the musical tones of the human voice.

The necessity of interpretation is too often forgotten. The need of beautiful tone never is, but the public at times acquire vitiated taste in regard to beauty. However, it is conceded that if singing is to be good the tones must be beautiful, for the materials of artistic expression should always be beautiful. False ideals of art often prevail, and we have pictures, sculptures, and poems on revolting and ugly themes. But the artist's palette, the sculptor's marble, and the poet's vocabulary may still retain their native glory. You cannot make great statues of mire, great pictures with dirty water, nor great songs with raucous sounds. So that we are brought back to the conception of singing formed by the early Italian masters of the seventeenth century. Their vocal ideals were beautiful quality of tones, similarity of quality throughout the range of the voice, flawless smoothness and elegance in delivery, flexibility and agility, and power. These items are enumerated in something closely approaching the order of their importance. Power is placed last because in all the great periods of vocal art it has been the least esteemed of all the vocal equipment.

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MARCELLA SEMBRICH

"It is only a few years since thousands hung upon the purely musical delivery of Mme. Sembrich"

The translation of sounds into sense requires the use of words, and these must go hand in hand with the beautiful tone without marring it. Therefore together with tone quality we need what is loosely called among singers diction. The traits of this are perfect pronunciation of the vowels, perfect articulation of the consonants, and textual phraseology, or word phrasing, which shall bring out fully the sense of the words and at the same time not mar the symmetry of the musical phrase. Too many

[1] Other articles on the "Enjoyment of Music" in which Mr. Henderson discussed respectively piano playing, violin playing, and orchestral playing were published in The Outlook for December 20, December 27, and January 3.

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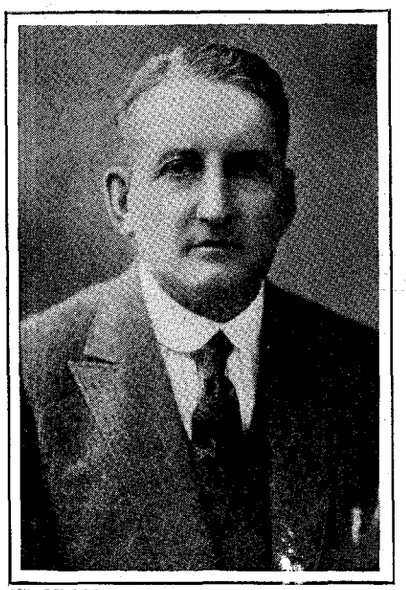

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CLARENCE WHITEHILL

"That excellent American artist Clarence Whitehill, who delights his hearers by perfect diction in German as well as in French, Italian, and English"

singers consider only the musical phrase, and indeed composers often construct their musical phrases so that the textual phrase cannot be kept intact.

When you go to the opera, you hear a vast amount of ugly tone, sometimes shrieking, sometimes growling, sometimes almost barking. The plea in extenuation is that dramatic utterance demands these things. The fact that the passionate eloquence of the orchestra never requires barks on the trombone, quacks on the clarinet, or squeals on the violin does not occur to those who make this plea, nor do they note the pregnant fact that there is nothing on the printed page of the score to indicate the delivery of anything but musical tones. The truth is that when we employ the human voice as a musical medium it must produce only musical tones. Bad tone is abnormal. It obtrudes upon the hearer a disturbing element; it distracts his attention from the musical thought to the instrument uttering it. The voice is an instrument of expression. Its office is not to draw our attention away from the music to itself either by a parade of skill or by deficiency in natural beauty.

The tones should surround and enwrap the hearer in an atmosphere of pure human influence. This atmosphere is alive with the vibrations of a living human instrument, acting not only under, but in the highest and most glorifying union with, human intelligence, emotion, and spiritual aspiration. It is the living element in singing, its enfolding of the hearer in the actual product of the body and soul of the musician, that raises this art above all other music in the potency of its influence on the listener.

Now if you should be privileged to sit among a company of singers engaged in a discussion of their art, you would learn that they apparently regard beauty of tone as the only desideratum. How to produce tones the best way is their endless theme, upon which they make a thousand variations. This is because the ultimate object of all musical technic is the production of beautiful, warm, vitalizing tone under no matter what difficult conditions. The violinist and the pianist seek for such tone just as assiduously as the singer. The witchery of Paderewski's piano playing was that, no matter how rapid the flight of his fingers, he always made the piano sing.

Equality throughout the scale is essential to the perfection of a beautiful voice. It preserves the identity of the organ. A clarinet does not at any time sound like an oboe. It is all unmistakably clarinet in tone from the bottom to the top of its scale. The English horn, the contralto of the oboe, does not merely extend the oboe scale downwards; it has its own characteristic quality. It is not a lowered soprano, but a genuine contralto. A voice should be all one voice. Sophia Scalchi, famous contralto of forty years ago, rejoiced in the possession of four distinct registers or qualities of tone. Her celebrity was gained by other excellences which triumphed over the defects in her scale. Mme. Melba, on the other hand, had a perfectly equalized voice. Its scale was like that of a fine piano.

Flexibility in vocal terminology means the power of the voice to increase or diminish its force easily and through a hundred different degrees. This power is the very essence of expression. It is not the only means indeed, but the one without which the others are almost certain to fail. It is the twin sister of emphasis in reading. It enlivens the rhythm of singing by enabling the artist to impart to it an endless variety of accent. Also it is one of the features of singing most neglected, especially at the opera, where there are as a rule two kinds of dynamics, very soft and very loud, mostly the latter. When Maurel used to sing Iago in Verdi's "Otello," he always made the deepest impression in the entire opera by his half-whispered narration to Otello of Cassio's dream. He did not utter a single loud sound, but, singing *sotto voce*, imparted such amazing intensity of expression by his subtlety of accent that he achieved a veritable dramatic triumph. How Sembrich used to thrill us with the last few measures of "Der Nussbaum," which she murmured in the most delicately accented manner. Such singers had acquired a perfect flexibility of voice.

Agility is quite another matter. Its meaning is obvious, but its significance not rightly understood. It does not necessarily mean the power to deliver passages at an astonishing speed. Its greater value lies in its gift of the power to utter tones with perfect freedom and smoothness. It may astonish the reader to learn that a vast majority of the public singers of to-day cannot correctly sing a simple scale. For the

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ALESSANDRO BONCI

"It is possible to become even a famous opera singer without possessing a big voice. Mme. Sembrich did not have one, neither did Bonci"

matter of that, more than half the pianists cannot play one, except very slowly. To sing simple scales fluently and smoothly is one of the fundamental requisites of a vocalist's equipment. But in these days of haste students are unwilling to give sufficient time to purely technical preparation.

A good trill is sufficiently scarce among the famous singers, and it is almost non-existent among the unknown. Even the eminent Galli-Curci has not a perfect trill. The truth is that the vast majority of singers are afflicted with what is called throat tightness, which comes chiefly from laborious operation of muscles. These same muscles ought to work with the fluency and elasticity of those of a highly trained gymnast, who turns a back somersault just as readily as the ordinary man steps downstairs. But to attain the ease and perfect smoothness of such operation demands long and scientific training, and that is what the young singer of to-day is unwilling to undergo. To be sure there is not so much use for agile singing in the modern operas as in the older ones, but the consummate command of tone and its gradations which results from mastery of florid singing enables the vocal artist to impart to the music of Wagner or Puccini color and vitality far beyond the reach of the laborious singer.

The best technical performance is always that which is not overtaxed. There should always be a technical reserve fund. Mme. Sembrich singing "The Bell Keeper's Little Daughter" and Lilli Lehmann delivering the clarion call of Brünnhilde both stood upon the solid foundations of their splendid technic in florid song. Miss Ponselle struggling bravely with "Ernani involami" betrayed the absence of the foundation.

Of course every one should be able to give the full volume of the voice when

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AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

"A good trill is sufficiently scarce among the famous singers. . . . Even the eminent Galli-Curci has not a perfect trill"

that is necessary, but power is the least important of all vocal qualities. It is possible to become even a famous opera singer without possessing a big voice. Mme. Sembrich did not have one, neither did Bonci nor Renaud. It is pretty well established that most of the celebrated singers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did not. The works of the old masters of Italian opera from Scarlatti down to Handel, and indeed as far as Mozart and Gluck, were not heavily scored. It was in the early part of the last century that the "big tone habit," as I have often called it, began to prevail. With it the rage for high notes also came. Some one once said to Albert Niemann, the great Wagner singer, that he never delivered any ringing high tones—which was true enough, since Wagner does not ask his tenors for anything above A. Niemann replied, "I can sing a high B flat that will put the gas out, but that's not art." In these days one may observe voice after voice going to pieces by reason of the fatal forcing of it in the search after big tones and high tones.

We may sum up the discussion of the musical emission of the voice by saying that it should begin with an attack as clear and pure as the stroke of a bell by a velvet-covered hammer and that thereafter it should continue with the fluency, clarity, and rippling beauty of a sunlit brook. When that demand of good singing is met, it falls short of the demands of true art if it does not go hand in hand with a clear delivery of the text. Singers call this "diction." It is not a good term, but most musical terminology is defective.

The first requisite of good diction is correct pronunciation of the vowels. It is impossible to recognize a word if the vowels are changed. It is impossible to produce beautiful tones under all textual conditions if the singer cannot sing all the vowels easily at any position in his scale. When I first listened to the British oratorio singers, Edward Lloyd, Ben Davies, and others, I marveled at the ease with which they pronounced their text anywhere from the bottom to the top of their voices. In the course of time I learned their secret. They sounded all their vowels purely and freely. Because they habitually spoke English roundly and in their mouths (not in their throats, as so many of us do) they could sing it without the slightest difficulty. And from their own tongue to Italian, and thence to others, was not a difficult progress. The early Italian masters insisted on correct vowel pronunciation. But in the latter half of the seventeenth century carelessness began to be habitual, and hence we find Francesco Tosi in his book on florid singing, published in 1723, complaining that some "artists" sang so that one could not tell whether they said "*bella*" or "*ballo*," "*more*" or *mare*."

Consonants must be clearly and smoothly enunciated, otherwise the outline of the word is blurred, or even obliterated. Over-elaboration of consonantal delivery has for many years been the chief fault of the German school. The typical German singer modifies all his vowels to suit his own convenience and seeks clear speech through exaggeration of consonants. How unnecessary this is has been demonstrated by many singers, for example, by that excellent American artist Clarence Whitehill, who delights his hearers by perfect diction in German as well as in French, Italian, and English. Enrico Caruso, who was praised more for the natural qualities of his voice than for the traits of his art, was a master of diction. Mr. Bonci is another. I once went to a recital in which he sang songs in English for the first time. My

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BENIAMINO GIGLI

"Gigli won his spurs at the Metropolitan by the magic of his 'mezza voce.' The old-fashioned 'high C tenor' (as he was always advertised) is out of date"

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FRIEDA HEMPEL

"That is why I call down blessings on the heads of such singers as John McCormack, Reinald Werrenrath, George Hamlin, Frieda Hempel, and other symmetrically equipped artists. They travel through the world carrying an understanding of beautiful songs to people hungry for beauty"

statement the next morning was that "the only way you could escape understanding everything he said was to go out of the hall."

In the smooth delivery of lines of text good phrasing is needed. It must primarily be musical, but the sense of the text must be preserved unless the composer has made the musical phrase so that this is impossible, and in that case he must bear the censure. Good phrasing calls for breath control, which many singers lack. The expression "breath support" is frequently used, but it is misleading. For long-sustained phrases support is required, but for the infinitesimal gradations of force and, above all, for that airy delivery which the old masters called "spinning the tone" it is control that is needed. This rests upon a perfect command of all the muscles employed in inhalation and exhalation. To be able to control the column of air in the throat as delicately as a master pianist controls his fingers is to have solved the vital secret of singing. A singer whose song is a prolonged shout can excite the receptive hearers who respond with their own shouts of "bravo," but he will never stir any deep emotions. Gigli won his spurs at the Metropolitan by the magic of his *mezza voce*. The old-fashioned "high C tenor" (as he was always advertised) is out of date. His specialty was singing—to refer to Niemann's remark—to "put the gas out." Neither Gigli nor the promising young American Chamlee will extinguish any electric lights, but they may spread clouds before some stars.

In the end we find ourselves at the beginning. Singing is the interpretation of text by the musical tones of the human voice. This makes it rather hard on those interpreters who sin only against the pitch, but do all else well. Maria

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Ivogun, who evoked much poetic comment last season, was prone to out-of-tune singing, and ever since she first charmed the multitudes Mme. Galli-Curci has been noted for her untimely indulgence in an accidental flat.

But there has never been a perfect singer. The ideal is sought, but not attained. Some excel in one detail, some in another; but most break the commandments referring to vowels and consonants. For when a singer has to choose between an effective tone and enunciation, he always votes for tone. He can hardly be blamed for this, because the vast majority of the public is with him. Most people listen to a voice as if it were an instrument playing a tune to which there were no words. That is why I call down blessings on the heads of such singers as John McCormack, Reinald Werrenrath, George Hamlin, Frieda Hempel, and other symmetrically equipped artists. They travel through the world carrying an understanding of beautiful songs to people hungry for beauty.

BEDROOM SUITE[1]

A ONE-ACT COMEDY

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

SCENE: *A Show Window in a Department Store.*

CHARACTERS: JERRY, *the Window Dresser.* ALICE, *from the Book Department.* NIGHT WATCHMAN.

The scene represents the show window of a department store, in which a "bedroom suite" is to be displayed for the January Sale. The author believes—he hopes not erroneously—that a department or furniture store would willingly lend (or rent) the necessary pieces for the advertisement of being thanked on the programme.

The back and sides of the display space are of wood paneling—preferably of a cheap ruddy mahogany or rosewood color. At the rear, near the L. corner, is a wide opening where one of the movable panels has been slid aside. This aperture, supposed to open into the ground floor of the store, is backed by some dark hanging.

When the curtain rises, the furniture, draperies, toilet knickknacks, etc. (with which the window is to be "dressed") are in disarray. The furniture is probably pseudo-mahogany, or "American walnut," or else that dreadful pallid yellowish timber the stores call (I think) "satinwood." At any rate, the whole display has the garish shop-window effect. Against the L. partition, a feminine dressing-table, with a low stool between its two lobes. At the back, a masculine "dresser"—what used to be called a chest of drawers or bureau. Toward the R. side, placed at an angle (according to the best tenets of window-display technique), a large double bed. Against R. wall, a "chifforobe." At the head of the bed, on R. side, a small stand with an electric lamp in cretonne shade. Between bed and dressing-table, L. side, a table with a reading-lamp; at L. side of this table, a chaise longwe; on the floor, an "Oriental" rug of rather opulent pattern. Against the rear wall, and carefully laid out on a white sheet on the floor, are a large number of oddments—framed pictures, hair-brushes, manicure sets, book-rests, etc.

Enters through the aperture at the rear (the only door) Jerry, the store's window dresser. (He thinks of himself as "display manager.") He is in waistcoat and shirt-sleeves; breezy, dapper, quick-witted, uncultured, but extremely shrewd; a man of twenty-five or thereabouts, whose natural ambition and alert eye for theatric effects have lifted him to this important position. He is a typical product of the department-store world, where continual contact with all the smart and luxurious things that money can buy imparts a plausible outward polish without any inwardness of genuine taste. It would be interesting to meditate upon this character, but brevity is indicated. At any rate, you must understand that our friend, in spite of his mercantile smartness, has something of the enthusiastic artist in his heart. He is impassioned with his work, loves it; and whatever of cynicism or skepticism there may be in him is quite laid aside when he sets upon his practiced work—dressing a window in such fashion as to impress and seduce the kind of customers catered to by that store. His trousers are magnificently pressed; he probably wears suède-topped shoes; and has a thin gold watch-chain diagonally across his vest.

He carries on his arm a silk kimono, a smoking-jacket, a coverlet, and some chintz draperies; and has in his hand a long memorandum list. He throws the garments, etc., on the chaise longue and picks up from the rear an enormous pair of felt slippers, which he puts on over his shoes. He walks about, checking off the articles of display on his memorandum.

Jerry. Seven-piece Jacobean (*he pronounces "bean" like the vegetable*) Period bedroom suit (*sic*)—vanity dresser, bridegroom dresser, chifforobe, bed, lamp stand, boudoir table (*he pronounces boudoir just as spelled*) and shays lounge.—O. K.!

(*From the rear, behind the bed, he brings two signs, which he places down close to the footlights, one R., one L. One says:*

JANUARY SALE

the other:

SEVEN-PIECE
JACOBEAN
BEDROOM SUITE
$398.75

He picks up the coverlet from the chaise longue, spreads it over the bed, arranges the bolster, etc. He kneels down to straighten the rug under the bed. While he is on his knees at the bedside, giving a final smoothing to the covers, enter ALICE, *carrying three or four books.*

Alice (from the Book Department) need not be assumed to be literary in her tastes. She is perhaps twenty-three, has worked her way up from cash-girl, and has found life in a department store extremely amusing. She is brisk, confident, comely, ambitious, even a bit impertinent. Probably also a little touched with rebellion, natural enough in a girl who sees so many of the comfortable things of life going to women no more gifted than herself, and often not so intelligent. She is wearing street clothes, as she is ready to leave the store.)

Alice. Well. Saying your prayers?

Jerry (quite unabashed, without looking round). Yeah. Praying for a woman who might be able to use her bean.

Alice. You got the closing-time fever, that's what it is. Here's some books for you. Sullivan sent 'em down for the window.

Jerry (turning). Oh, it's you—where you been?

Alice. Same as usual. On the job. Don't notice you comin' around much.

Jerry. Been busy.

(*He goes on with his work, arranging furniture, moving swiftly about with certainty and assurance.*)

Alice. Going to lectures, I suppose.

Jerry (tersely). Yep.

Alice (sits down on stool by dresser). I have to laugh when I think of the night we were goin' to take in a picture. Changed your mind and took me to a spiel on wall-paper.

Jerry. What are the books?

Alice. I didn't look. (*Examining*)

[1] All stage rights, professional and amateur, reserved by the author. Application to produce this play must be made to the author, in care of the "Evening Post," 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

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"Society and Solitude," by Emerson. "The Life of the Insect," by Faber (*sic*). "Tales of Mystery and" (*cautiously*) "Rat-i-o-cination," by Poe.

Jerry. Another bonehead. What's the matter with Sullivan? Why don't he send me something up to date?

Alice. He said he picked out some swell morocco bindings.

Jerry (*ironically*). "Life of the Insect"—that's appropriate for a bedroom suit, ain't it.

Alice (*good-naturedly*). Want me to get some others instead?

Jerry. Never mind. I'll put 'em so they can't see the titles.

(*He is on hands and knees arranging electric light cord from the bedside lamp. Alice sits again on stool.*)

—"Life of the Insect." That's what I lead around this dump.

(*Sweeps rug with dustpan and brush.*)

Alice. It sure is fine to see a man doing the housework.

Jerry. I've done it to-night, all right. Four windows already. Kitchen suit, dining-room suit, bathroom, and nursery.

Alice. Quite the family man. You'll make a good husband for some poor foundling.

Jerry (*halting work to look at her*). Say, for a weary working wench you pull quite a line of persiflage, don't you? (*He pronounces "persiflage" to rhyme with "rage."*) I guess you'd be peeved too if you had this job. Miss Healy in the Decorating Department picked out the stuff for this window, and look at the junk she sent down! Look at that rug!

Alice (*tactfully*). I think it's going to look slick. Your windows are always lovely.

Jerry. Well, it won't be so bad when we get through with it.

Alice (*admiring dresser*). I think this furniture's grand.

Jerry (*affectionately stroking woodwork*). Yeh. That fellow Jacobean turns out some good stuff.

(*Studies table appraisingly, and shifts it a little.*)

Alice. You needn't think you're the only one that has to work overtime.

Jerry. Well, whyn't you go home and rest up?

Alice (*scornfully*). Home! The old man cooking his socks on the radiator and mother bawling him out, and the kids studying their lessons for high school—some sanitarium! The first one of us girls that gets home has to wash the supper dishes. I stay out late, so the kids can get their lessons done in the bedroom. They got to have *one* quiet room, ain't they? You keep me amused round here a while, you'll save me the price of a movie.

(*Jerry is a trifle embarrassed. He is on the point of saying that he'll blow her to a movie, but refrains, knowing that would make it appear she was hinting for such an offer; which she wasn't. He hastens about his tasks, and drapes a long strip of curtain fabric round the head of the bed and trails it forward across the floor toward the middle of the stage. Finally he speaks. By the way, you must not assume that because they speak a bit roughly to each other that they are really angry. Such is the way of their kind.*)

Jerry. Well, I suppose you think a hall bedroom in a lodging-house is a de looks home. A home's a place where you can have your own ice-box and not have nobody butting in on you like a current events reel. (*Admiring his drapery.*) How's that—pretty nifty?

Alice. Slick. Gee, I sometimes wonder if folks really live like this!

Jerry. Sure they do. You get a job in the Decoratin' Department, then maybe you'll get sent on a trip tearin' this kinda stuff out of some place where they ain't paid for it. I've seen swell apartments where it broke your heart to rip out the goods just because they didn't come across.

(*A brief pause while he continues to arrange furniture, etc.*)

Jerry. I always say the windows are the most important part of the whole business. That's your point of contack with the public. I like to have 'em artistic. You know what I mean: refined, kinda simple; but these birds always want me to shove in a lot of truck that don't belong. No taste, that's what it is. Look at these hand-made pastels. (*He accents this on the first syllable, and holds one up—a saccharine picture of the "September Morn" school.*) That sort of thing'd be all right on Fourteenth Street, but this window ought to be class.

Alice. Put it over there, behind the bed. It won't show much there.

Jerry (*judges the effect of the picture in the suggested position, and shoots a quick glance at her*). Say, you got ideas, haven't you?

Alice (*turns round to mirrors on dresser, takes off her hat, and pats her hair*). It must be great to have one of these three-side looking-glasses. (*Adjusts the mirrors.*) I never did get a real good look at the back of my head.

Jerry. That rug, now. That ain't right with this layout. It ought to be some of those little rag carpets, kinda country-looking and homely. You don't want one of these heavy big rugs in a bedroom; it hides up your parkay floor. You can't fool me on this kinda stuff. I was brought up in Ohio, in the country, where we had that black-walnut furniture and little red-and-blue wove rugs just big enough to stand on when you got outa bed on a cold morning. My mother used to weave them rugs herself. She'd laugh if she coulda known that old walnut washstand of hers would be all the class nowadays.

Alice (*meditatively, almost as if to herself, as she repairs her coiffure before the mirror*). I'm glad the store wouldn't let the girls bob their hair. Lots of my friends who bobbed last year are sore about it now. It's all outa style, and it takes a terrible time to grow out again.

Jerry (*absorbed in his theories*). I'm trying to educate this store up to the right kind of window trim. (*He is busy putting toilet articles on the bureau, rear.*) Simplicity, that's it. You don't want to stuff your space full of all kinds of tripe. Reticence—d'you get me? I used to dress windows for Moskowitz, down on Sixth Avenue. That bird was crazy about having his windows *lifelike*. When there was a bed in the display, he wanted the blanket and sheet turned down, just like some one was going to climb into it. If it was a double bed, he had it turned down on both sides. That's not art. That's vulgar. (*He comes forward and lectures her.*) You don't want to make your windows too lifelike. This ain't one of those bedroom farces in the theayter. You want a layout that looks kinda formal and dainty; it sort of idealizes things and kids people into thinking they can keep their houses that way.

Alice. There isn't any room in this dresser to keep your clothes.

Jerry. You keep 'em over there in the chifforobe.

Alice (*crosses to chifforobe*). Think of having three drawers all to yourself! At our house my kid sisters got the two bottom drawers, and I got to hide my silk stockings under the mattress or they get them too. There's no shelves like this, neither.

Jerry. That's for the husband's trousers. Maybe, if he was a sport, he'd let you have 'em.

Alice (*examining the chifforobe*). What—the trousers?

Jerry. No; the shelves, of course. That's where you'd keep your chiffon blouses. He'd hang his pants in the wardrobe. A first-class bedroom suit ought to have a wardrobe, with a rod in it for the coat-hangers.

Alice. If I were you, I'd change around this chifforobe and the—what do you call that thing (*points to bureau at rear*)?

Jerry. Jacobean calls it a bridegroom dresser—

Alice. Well, Mrs. Jacobean wouldn't want to have to go 'way across the room from her dresser to the chifforobe.

Jerry. Say, I guess you're right.

(*He starts to move the pieces.*)

Alice. I'll give you a hand.

Jerry (*as they shift the furniture*). Quite a little domestic scene—Mr. and Mrs. Jacobean on moving day.

Alice. Gosh—my hair's coming down.

Jerry. Lay off, kid. I can do this.

(*However, she helps him finish the job.*)

Alice. I'll have to fix my hair. Hope you don't mind.

(*She sits again at the dresser and begins to reorder her coiffure.*)

Jerry (*humorously*). All the conveniences of home. (*Brings toilet articles, brush, hand-mirror, manicure set, scent bottles, silver-framed photo of Mary Pickford, etc., and lays them on dresser*

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beside Alice.) If you're not in a hurry, spread these out for me. I want to get the real feminine touch in this window. I've got to make a killing with this lay-out. They're stuck with these seven-piece suits, and they want to sell 'em off.

Alice. I'm wondering about that shays lounge and reading-table. That's crazy stuff. People who can afford fixings like this don't sit and read in their bedrooms. The lady would have a little boodwore to loaf in.

Jerry. Oh, well, it's kinda nice and intimate. When you get back from the opera. (*Puts a silver thermos decanter and glasses on the table, and mimics an imaginary aristocrat.*) Well, my dear, I feel a trifle wakeful. I think I'll just sit here and read a little before I retire. I sha'n't disturb you, shall I?

(*He jocularly slips on the smoking-jacket, throwing kimono to one side, and sits down in chaise longue, speaking to Alice over his shoulder.*)

Then, while she sits in dishabble, or negligee, or whatever they call it, removing her Teclas, he picks up a book (*does so*) and reads a little about insects, to compose his mind.

(*He leans back in chair, in the rôle of the luxurious patrician, and pretends to read book. Alice, entering into the spirit of the game, seizes the kimono, unseen by Jerry, and slips it round her. With a quick shake she lets her hair fall down, and sits at the dresser brushing it. She quite calmly takes up her part in the burlesque.*)

Alice. Eustace, I have a confession to make. These are not the Teclas. I went to the bank to-day and got out the real pearls. I wanted Mrs. Vanderbilt to see them.

Jerry. It's quite all right, Gwendolyn, quite all right. A beautiful woman deserves beautiful fixings. Things are very bearish on the Exchange just now. I cleaned up handsomely to-day on—er—on Amalgamated Spiders.

Alice (*addressing an imaginary maid*). I sha'n't be needing you to-night, Estelle. I'll do my hair myself.

Jerry. You're sure I'm not intruding? (*Looks round from the chaise longue, sees rear view of her in kimono and with her hair down. He is considerably startled.*) Umm—maybe I am. (*Resumes his own manner, rises, but is embarrassed to see her so attractive in negligée.*) I don't think I like that game. I don't like the name of Eustace. (*Takes off smoking-jacket, and stands uncertainly as she goes on calmly brushing her hair.*) Cheese it, kid! Maybe the watchman—

(*Alice rises, apparently oblivious of him, turns about to get a good view of herself in the rich silk gown, poses a moment, then throws the kimono quickly on the floor. She drops rather forlornly to the stool and droops over the dressing-table, burying her face in her arms.*)

Jerry (*dismayed*). Gee, what's got into the kid? (*Approaches, and awkwardly pats her shoulder.*) Say, I'm glad you didn't have it bobbed. (*Looks apprehensively toward door.*) I had no idea it was like that. (*Touches her hair with clumsy tenderness.*) Say, anything wrong?

Alice (*sits up quietly, and begins to coil her hair*). Just something I saw in the mirror, that's all.

Jerry (*he is puzzled; he had thought she was crying*). In the mirror?

Alice (*with a sort of bitter restraint*). I wonder if she's happy.

Jerry. Who?

Alice. Mrs. Jacobean. Anybody. You'd think they'd *ought* to be happy with all these nice things. Is *anybody* happy? Jerry, you work so hard to make a swell display with all this stuff, and you just kid people into thinking they're going to be happy when they got it. You said so yourself.

Jerry (*cannot understand*). What do you mean? I don't get you.

Alice. I don't get myself. It's crazy stuff. I don't know, I just got a kind of picture of all of us. Some poor people get this bedroom suit, and they think they're goin' to be happy—

Jerry. Poor people? Three hundred ninety-eight bucks? Poor people don't get this kind of furnishings.

Alice (*still with suppressed bitterness*). I don't mean poverty poor. I mean unhappy. I see them comin' in and out of the store. They buy all these swell things; but that don't make 'em feel the way they'd like to feel. Or maybe they don't pay for them, like you said, and the Decoratin' Department goes and rips it all out again. I don't know just *what* I mean; I got a kinda picture, that's all. There's some of us that ain't meant to be happy, I guess; we can't shine and sparkle like real people. Just Tecla people, that's what we are.

Jerry (*comes over, with another anxious look toward the door, and tries to console without exactly knowing what to do*). There now, kid, I know how it is, you're tired. And, say, you needn't believe I'm going to be one of the Teclas. No *sir*, I'll string along with the real beads. I'm not going to be just a window-dresser in this dump all my life, not by a damn sight! Why, you used to ride me about that studying nights and going to lectures on wall-paper. Well, when I get a home of my own it's not going to be faked like this junk. Believe me, it's going to be real. I see what you mean, sure; all this window stuff is poor class, no real taste to it. I didn't know you were that sensitive.

Alice. No, Jerry, you don't get me. I kinda feel it all the time, 'way down under, but I don't know how to say it. When I see you fussing round this fool window, dolling it up like it was a real place, I was thinking how we all get stung. We think if we just got something or other, we'll be happy. It's this town, I think. Somehow it ain't just right, New York, for living in. It's all a kind of a show window, full of swell things that knock your eye out, but somehow you don't ever feel just easy and at home like. On the level, I believe we're all just show windows; we put our bright stuff and our slick talk up in front, close to the glass; the folks don't see what we feel like behind. I kinda like the sound of that Ohio place. Tell me some more about it.

Jerry. It's so long since I broke away from that old-fashion' stuff, I don't remember it much. You'll feel better now you got your hair fixed. It must feel sloppy when you got it all hanging down, hey?

Alice. A lot *you* know about it! Hand me my hat, Jerry. (*She puts it on. Jerry is quite baffled by the turn her mood has taken. She gets up and walks about, touching the various pieces of furniture with a kind of tenderness.*) All these things look so pretty and—I don' know, I just got thinking about who was going to buy them. I hope they'll be happy, that's all. There ain't anything wrong in wanting *some one* to be happy, is there? I'd like to leave a note in that chifforobe and have some dame find it some day when she was hunting a handkerchief to cry into, and tell her for the lovamike to keep a stiff upper lip. If I was furnishin' this house, I think I'd have the same cretonne in the dining-room. It's kinda cheerful.

Jerry (*ironically*). Yeh. It seems to be. I see what you're getting at. You mean there ain't nothing quite so good as what it looks in the show windows. Well, sure. That's right, I guess. But there ain't no harm in making things look a bit better than actual. Gee whiz, kid, we all got to jolly ourselves along a bit once in a while or we'd quit cold. A stick o' gum don't keep its taste more'n a minute, but lots of folks keeps right on chewin'.

Alice. I was thinking about this window when the shade goes up to-morrow morning. How nice it'll look, and all the poor simps of women looking in and wishing they had things fixed up like that. It ain't fair to fool the women—they're *too* easy.

Jerry. I'm not fooling 'em. This stuff is all good. It ain't just glued together. I never heard a comeback yet on that Jacobean factory.

Alice. I'm not talking about the furniture, Jerry. I'm talking about women. It's not fair to play on their instincts that way. I'm thinking about mother, all the other women. I guess they thought life was going to be as pretty as a show window. It seems as though life ought to be fine, too. I read a book once about people who were happy; they laughed and said lovely things. Gee, you don't know what it is to be a girl! Every girl thinks she's going to have a good time. Well, they get fooled.

Jerry. Sure, most everybody gets fooled sooner or later. I don't care, so long as *we* don't get fooled. (*Crosses to her.*) Do you know what I think about when I'm dressing these windows?

(*A pause.*)

Alice (*evasive*). I guess this kind of

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wood shows the dust pretty bad if you don't keep it rubbed up—

Jerry. I think about you. Every time I doll up one of these windows I sort of pretend to myself it's a real apartment and *we're* going to live in it. I say to myself, This dresser's for the kid, there ain't anything too good for her; this chifforobe is the kind of thing she'll like—

Alice (*nervously*). Oh, gee, Jerry, I don't know, I don't know—

(*She sits on bed, troubled.*)

Jerry. Well, don't you suppose a *man* has instincts too? Every time I have to dress up these furniture windows why, naturally, I think about getting married. Don't talk about June being the month of weddings. It's the January reductions in furniture that starts 'em off. (*Sits beside her, and speaks more gently.*) It wasn't till I had all these windows to do this year that I just knew who it was I wanted to put into 'em.

Alice (*tremulously*). If we could live in a window, I guess it'd be easy. But living with real folks is hard.

Jerry (*puts his arm round her*). Live in a window? How do you get that way, honey? What do you think we are—wax dummies? Now listen, I been waiting to spring this on you till I could get that damn raise, but if you're going to fret yourself with all this silly stuff you can just get wise to things now. There's some little three-room apartments up on Haven Avenue—

Alice (*her head on his shoulder*). I want it, Jerry—I want it. . . . You don't think it's just this furniture—sort of getting our goat?

Jerry. They've got a suit up on the seventh floor that looks a good deal like this—

Alice (*her spirits coming back strong*). Like *this!* Oh, Jerry! With a chifforobe and all?

(*She rises and looks round ecstatically.*)

Jerry. Well, there ain't no shays lounge and no reading-table; but you said yourself you didn't see the sense of having them. Any lounging and reading we needed to do we could get done in the living-room. I got no use for books in a bedroom.

Alice (*beginning to scheme*). We'd have curtains just like this (*touching drapery*)! And a chifforobe! (*Opens drawers of chifforobe again, with new sense of proprietorship.*) That shade ought to be darker, don't you think?

Jerry. There isn't any lamp-stand in the suit upstairs. It's a four-piece set. There ain't space for seven pieces in a three-room apartment.

Alice. Bedroom, living-room. . . . We'd eat in the kitchen?

Jerry. Sure. Get the grub good and hot. In the living-room we could have one of those Davenports that turn into a bed, and maybe if your ma or some of those kid sisters wanted to come and visit—

Alice. Oh, Jerry! The kids could come and study their lessons in our living-room while we were out at the pictures—

Jerry (*good-humoredly*). Sure, once in a while. But, say, I'm not going to marry a girl just to give her kid sisters a quiet place to do their school work.

Alice. I'm so excited, I can't help my mind running ahead a ways. And listen, Jerry—(*shyly*) Jerry, dear—what do you suppose I saw on the seventh floor the other day? They've got a living-room table up there, golden oak, reduced 'way down. It's just a little bit scratched where someone dropped a kettle on it; they had it in the window pouring boiling water on it to advertise some varnish. With the reduction and the employees' discount we could get it pretty cheap. Golden oak's good; it don't show the dust, like mahogany.

Jerry (*tenderly, his arm round her*). I guess you been doping this out ahead of time.

Alice. And a dresser like this one, Jerry?

(*Goes to feminine dressing-table, L.*)

Jerry. Surest thing you know.

Alice. We'll have the bedroom just as much like this window as we can, so as not to forget it.

Jerry. Absolutely. Just a little more privacy, that's all—

Alice. You think we'll be happy, Jerry?

Jerry (*holds her*). Yes—unless that watchman finds us like this. Keep an eye open into the store, kid, while I just finish off. (*She goes to opening at rear and looks off into the store while he quickly smooths down the bed, lays out kimono and smoking-jacket artfully, and puts finishing touches to the display.*)

Alice (*from doorway*). You know those scratches on that table won't matter. We can put a doily over them.

Jerry (*looking hastily at the reading table*). Scratches?

Alice. I mean *our* table. (*Pause.*) I'm just crazy to see this window from the outside, to get a good look at it.

Jerry (*looking over his work with satisfaction*). Well, it's not so bad.

Alice. It's funny to think of all the people that'll look at it from the street, and never guess what it means to us. I'd like to stand out there and tell them. D'you suppose we could find out who buys this suit, and write to them and tell them they've just *got* to be happy?

Jerry. Sure they'll be happy. Anybody that's got three hundred ninety-eight bucks to burn on a bedroom suit is bound to be. Put on your choker, and we'll be going. I'll blow you to a stack of wheats and then take you home. I guess those kids will have finished their lessons by now.

(*Alice slips on her fur neckpiece and takes a last look at herself in the dressing-table mirror. Jerry comes behind her and bends down to look into the glass also.*)

Jerry. Who is it you see this time? Mrs. Jacobean again?

Alice. I won't tell you what I see.

Jerry. I'll go down and get my coat. Meet you at the door. (*He takes off the large carpet slippers.*) You warm enough without any overcoat?

Alice. I won't be cold.

(*Enter Watchman, an elderly humorous creature, plainly dressed, with a derby hat.*)

Watchman. Well, ain't you through yet?

Jerry. Just quitting, Jim.

Watchman. Going to put the shades up on these windows to-night?

Jerry (*looks at his watch*). Guess not. Leave 'em till the morning.

(*Exit.*)

Watchman. You working in the display now?

Alice. Just helping a little.

Watchman (*looking at the window*). He's clever, ain't he? This looks good enough to live in. A layout like this makes 'em want to rush off and set up housekeeping.

(*Alice lingers, affectionately touching the furniture here and there.*)

Watchman. When I see a window as pretty as this, I wonder why I didn't never get married.

Alice. I'm afraid you're sentimental, Jim.

Watchman. I guess I am. But I couldn't never find any one feeling soft the same time I did. Look the way he's got that piece of curtain laid out. Pretty smart.

Alice (*comes up behind him*). Jim, you're an old darling.

(*She gives him a kiss and hastily exits.*)

Watchman (*puzzled*). What's the idea? Well, they're all the same. Furniture sets 'em crazy.

(*As he moves toward the rear opening, shaking his head, the curtain falls.*)

THE OUTLOOK likes to give both sides of every question. We have recently printed the confessions of a president of a supper club whose task it was to inveigle speakers into a display of their wit and learning. As a fitting sequel to these articles

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

has given us an article which he calls "Confessions of an Amateur Lecturer."

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SAVE OUR AMERICAN PYRAMIDS

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

A FEW miles from East St. Louis, Illinois, is the famous group of Cahokia Mounds, which have long been regarded by archæologists as standing in the same relation to the prehistoric Indian culture of the United States as the Pyramids do to that of Egypt. Originally sixty-eight in number, but now only sixty-four, the fate of these monuments to a lost civilization has been menaced in recent years by the expansion of a rapidly growing industrial city. Although the region immediately surrounding the mounds is an agricultural one and farming has been carried on there for many years, the mounds themselves, not being suitable for cultivation, have represented almost a complete loss, so far as revenue is concerned, to their owners. For this reason, and because the land on which the mounds are located is worth approximately $1,000 an acre, the owners have felt that unless the State of Illinois purchased the property for park purposes they would sooner or later be forced into selling it for factory sites. The mounds would then interfere with commercial development area and would be removed.

In the opinion of archæologists, the destruction of these mounds would be little short of a calamity. They are the most remarkable monuments of their sort in the world, and one of them, the so-called Monks Mound, is the largest known mass of earth ever built by labor of human hands. A bill having in view the preservation of the mounds failed of passage in the Illinois Legislature in 1913. It appears, however, that it was not so much the cost of the land that deterred the State from acting favorably in the matter as the question raised by some as to whether the mounds were really built by man or were merely a natural formation, notwithstanding that there has never been any doubt in the minds of archæologists as to their artificial construction.

EAST VIEW OF MONKS MOUND

To set at rest all speculation in the matter, Professor Warren K. Moorehead, the well-known archæologist, with the co-operation of the University of Illinois, the Phillips Academy of Andover, Massachusetts, and a number of individuals, began a series of explorations of several of the mounds in the fall and continued the work in the spring, with the most convincing and gratifying results. Pottery fragments in great abundance, large quantities of flint chips, animal bones, and many complete Indian burials unearthed at considerable depths prove conclusively that the mounds are the work of human hands. It is the belief of Professor Moorehead that the largest of the group, the Monks Mound, so called because of the presence there of the Trappists during a short period between 1808–13, was a very long time in building, and that it probably began as a repository for the dead. That is, certain burials were made, and other small mounds added as burials took place. Finally, the structure became so large that the natives made it into a pyramid, added the upper terraces, and used the top as a place of residence.

While nearly all of the Cahokia group of mounds remain, their external contour has altered since the pioneers in Cahokia archæology gave us clear word pictures of conditions as they existed several generations ago. In all written accounts of the mounds most attention seems to have been concentrated on Monks Mound. In fact, nearly all the descriptions center in this ranking structure. The highest point of this mound as it exists to-day is 102 feet, its longest axis is 1,080 feet, and it covers slightly more than 16 acres. The great Pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, is 746 feet square, and the temple of the Aztecs in Mexico 680 feet square. In volume, therefore, this Cahokia pyramid is the greatest structure of its kind found anywhere in the world.

According to the description of a writer in 1887, the form of Monks Mound at that time was a parallelogram, with straight sides, the longer of which ran north and south. Its height was estimated at a little over a hundred feet. On the southern end, about thirty feet above the base, was a terrace or apron, containing perhaps two acres of ground. On the west side, and some thirty feet above the first terrace, was a second one of somewhat less extent. The top of the mound was flat and divided into two parts, the northern end being four or five feet higher than the southern portion. The summit was estimated to contain about an acre and a half. Near the middle of the first terrace, at the base of the mound, was a projecting point, apparently the remains of a graded pathway leading from the plain to the terrace. To the northwest corner of the base of the structure was what seemed to be a small attached mound, in exact imitation of the small mounds attached to the Pyramids of Egypt, as well as those of Mexico.

Standing on the summit of Monks Mound to-day one may clearly observe the city of St. Louis, Missouri, six miles to the west, and four miles in the same direction is East St. Louis. A scant two

ONE OF THE CONICAL MOUNDS, ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE FEET IN HEIGHT

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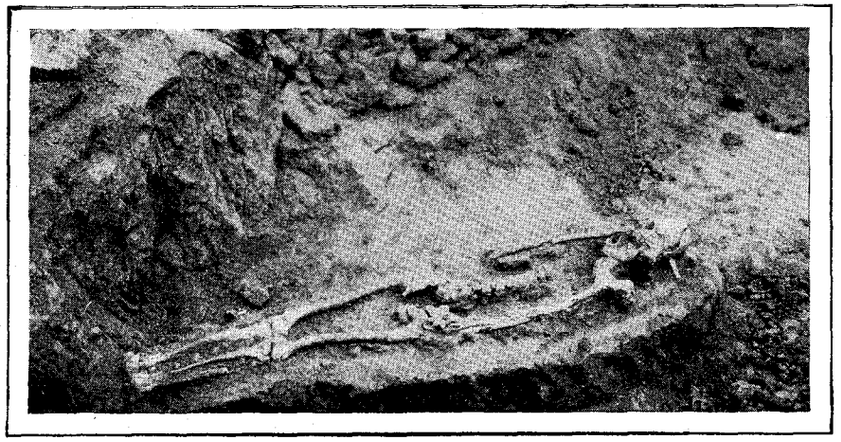

SKELETON OF A CAHOKIA INDIAN FOUND IN ONE OF THE MOUNDS

miles west, northwest, and southwest are the encroaching factories and railway yards. While the charm of the Great Plain, the primitive simplicity and beauty of the American bottoms as observed by the pioneers, is of the past, it requires no stretch of the imagination on the part of those familiar with American archæology to catch the point of view of these early visitors to the Cahokia group. After reading their accounts carefully, it is not difficult for one, from the top of the great mound, to reconstruct the past.

Notwithstanding the fact that the contour of many of the mounds has been somewhat marred by cultivation and otherwise, it would be no great undertaking, according to Professor Moorehead, to restore them to the pyramidal and conical form. About the shores of the lake and in the woods, and even beyond the railway, which lies two-thirds of a mile south, are nearly a score of mounds in practically the same condition as they were a century ago. Eliminating a few mounds on the edge of East St. Louis, there spreads out a wonderful possibility for a State park. Aside from the mounds, the depressions or ponds and the Cahokia village site are quite important. From the top of Monks Mound it may be observed that, while certain of the mounds are clustered together, others are at a considerable distance apart. In these level spots, lying between the mounds is a village site, the indications of Indian habitation being numerous everywhere, but more especially at a point about four hundred yards northwest of Monks Mound. It is impossible without further exploration, however, to give the actual extent of the village. It is worthy of note that nearly all the relics found at the Cahokia group of mounds in the past were taken from the low ground between the mounds. Some remarkable finds of pottery, implements, and shells were made in 1881 in the low ground, all being taken from an area of about a square rod. Since that time numerous other finds have been made from time to time by the owners of the land during the course of their farming operations.

Last fall Professor Moorehead excavated at various points in the village site and found disturbed ground at depths ranging from one to four feet. He states that northeast of the dominant mound the débris appears to be the thickest, yet all over the area south of the State highway pottery fragments, chips, and flint arrowheads may be found from the surface to a depth of one foot. More than a thousand broken artifacts and pottery were secured from test pits, although in the preliminary examination there were extensive areas of land which the explorers could not test.

In the limited time Professor Moorehead has been working at Cahokia he has been able to explore only a few mounds with any degree of thoroughness. Perhaps the most interesting of these, because it yielded the most specimens and information, was the Kunneman Mound, located about half a mile directly north of Monks site. Originally this tumulus was about four hundred feet in diameter and conical in shape, but some years ago fifteen to sixteen feet of the summit was removed. About two weeks were spent upon Kunneman Mound and excavations made almost to the center, bringing to light a number of skeletons, great quantities of flint chips, broken pottery, animal bones, and other refuse scooped up by the natives when they took the earth from about their cabins to build the mound.

It was found that this mound, in the portion excavated, rested upon a heavy layer of clear natural sand, which had not been deposited by man. The lowest part of the mound is ordinary mixed earth, and not stratified. About eight feet above the sand, or base, is dark earth in which are many broken artifacts. Above this comes a layer of about six feet of yellowish loam, and then a thin but rather distinct layer of decayed vegetation. Next in order come several feet of darker soil, another layer of decayed vegetation, and finally about ten feet of yellow loam containing some sand. Evidence in the form of "dumps" or basketfuls of earth found in the yellow loam convinced Professor Moorehead that the natives carried this earth in loads varying from a trifle over a peck to a half bushel or more.

All the lines and strata composing the Kunneman Mound indicate that the people did not first build a small conical mound and gradually increase the size, but that they endeavored to construct a large tumulus built up of layers of somewhat different soil. At a point about eighteen feet above the base of the mound a heavy layer of burned earth, almost floor-like in character, was discovered, and at its southern edge was uncovered a circular, altar-like basin about a yard in diameter, ten or twelve inches deep, and surrounded by a well-defined broad brim, somewhat elevated.

Several effigies in pottery were unearthed, and it was found that the Cahokia people frequently made a slightly curved base of clay and added to it the head of a bird. All fragments of pottery so far discovered indicate that black, brown, red, and a combination of red and white were the favorite colors employed by the Cahokia pottery-makers. The fragments also show conclusively that the Cahokia people had developed, not only ceramic art, but specialized art, creating certain designs and motifs which do not occur outside of the Cahokia area.

That the Cahokia people were also adept in the use of copper is shown by the uncovering about the year 1876 of a number of valuable relics, together with a large quantity of matting in which many of them had been enveloped. Among the many curious articles carefully wrapped in these mattings were found a number of small tortoise shells formed of copper. They were made of beaten copper scarcely more than one sixty-fourth of an inch in thickness, the larger and more perfect one measuring two inches in length and three-sixteenths of an inch in height. Their shape is remarkably true and perfect, showing a central ridge from end to end, produced by pressure from the under surface. A narrow flange or rim is neatly turned at the base, and over the entire outer surface the curious markings peculiar to the tortoise shell are carefully reproduced by indentation, the entire workmanship evincing a delicate skill of which traces have never been found in any other remains of the arts of the mound builders.

There is so much about the huge Monks Mound that is similar to the works of the Aztecs that it was probably from that part of the world that the Cahokia people came, bringing their religion, their priesthood, their corn, their mode of life, and their middle order of primitive civilization. Archæologists estimate that the settlement of the Cahokia mound builders numbered 150,000 at the height of its prosperity. The immensity of their habitation site, as it can be imagined from the ruins; the wholly agricultural type of much of the work in flint such as the great spades and hoes, almost peculiar to the vicinity; the suitability of the rich alluvial bottomland for such agriculture as they had—all contribute to prove that the

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Cahokians were probably wholly agricultural.

They undoubtedly fished and hunted to some extent, but they very likely depended for their subsistence upon their labor in the field, and their staple food was unquestionably corn, many traces of which have been discovered. There is a theory that the coming of the buffalo brought about the abandonment of agriculture and the development of the chase, with the result that the community became nomadic and gradually dispersed.

The chief purpose of Professor Moorehead's visits to Cahokia in the past year was, he says, to arouse interest on the part of the public in the preservation of these famous mounds. They could be thoroughly explored subsequently, provided they were protected by the State or Nation, or some association of individuals. Obviously, they could not be explored satisfactorily if the tracts were sold for commercial purposes and factories erected, as has been suggested. It is Professor Moorehead's idea that the creation of a state park of one thousand acres would safeguard these tumuli for all time.

"OUTSIDE"

A STUDY IN THE POINT OF VIEW

BY FULLERTON WALDO

FROM Baffin Land to the Mackenzie, north of the sixtieth parallel, "the Great Lone Land" of the Northwest Territories contains about a million square miles. That is a third of the area of the United States; and in that vast upper room of the hemisphere are living some 5,000 Indians and Eskimos and fewer than 500 persons who are actually, and not merely nominally, white.

Can you get these white folk to confess their loneliness? By no means—except in the rarest instances. Their joy is in their isolation. The exceptional ones are those who came north too late in life to bend their ways to the custom of the country. They never could make up their minds to forego the slippered ease and the flesh-pots of civilization. They shivered when it was cold; they thought of the wintertide only as a hibernation enforced; they longed for spring to come and for summer to continue; they never developed the mettle and the hardihood to deride the thermometer. It is the other sort who, building their lives into the life of the wilderness country, have illustrated in our own day the virtues we attach to such as signed the Compact in the cabin of the Mayflower or blazed the trail with Marcus Whitman and Lewis and Clark; or showed "one equal temper of heroic souls" with Franklin, Hudson, and Champlain.

At the frontier post of Fort McPherson, at the head of the Mackenzie Delta, the patriarch is John Firth, who came out from the Orkneys at eighteen and has lived on the same ridge of sand for fifty-two years. From the door of his log hut he looks across the "muskeg" of swamp land, over the silver reaches of the Peel River, to where the chain of the Rockies dwindles to the Arctic foreshore. The higher peaks before him are giant tumuli of white for most of the year, and even in the fierce and quickening radiance of the brief summer are streaked and spotted with snow. At his back are the north wind, the aurora borealis, and the sunset.

Down river and on the plains to the eastward are moose and caribou and musk-ox; on the islands, floes, and bergs alongshore are polar bears and foxes. Here at home are willing dogs to pull him thirty miles a day and Indian neighbors who shake his hand and are deferential. He wears a medal for more than thirty-five years of service with the Hudson's Bay Company, and has put by a competency for an old age

> Serene and bright
> And lovely as a Lapland night.

He married a half-breed wife, who has been fond and faithful; his quiver is full of children and grandchildren to clamber on his knees and run their fingers through his apostolic beard. He has books to read, and a pipe to smoke, and a few "men that were boys when he was a boy" to talk with now and then of the great times that used to be. What more could he want or the gracious Fates confer?

It was my mistake to suppose that he might want a taste of towered cities—that he might long to quaff the draught of the elixir of life in Edinburgh or London, New York or Montreal. Not so. I was far out in my reckoning. He craved no greater happiness in his declining years than to remain exactly where he was, with houseless space on all four sides of him. As Chaucer's shipman loved "his moon," so John Firth loved his sun and stars and all the company of heaven. He knew where the wind blew free and keen and unsullied from the Pole, and he would not have it tarnished with the soot and murk of cities. He did not want the outspew of the mine pit and the mill stack against his blue and dazzling infinitude of sky. He would not have the immaculate whiteness of the clouds that drifted besmirched by the miasmatic breath of crowded towns. Rather be chief in a little hyperborean village, the ocular if not the titular owner of mountain ranges, woodland tracts, and lakeland marches, rivers flowing through "caverns measureless to man," the treasures of the ice and snow.

"Yes," John Firth answered me from somewhere behind his beard, "I went out once. It was in 1903. I went to Winnipeg." There was a long pause. The interval, for him, was filled no doubt with a mental moving picture of railway stations and hotels, of hectic people and electric cars moving both ways along a crowded street—not like his river, which moves one way forever, and averages not more than two small steam packets to churn it with their paddles in more than a thousand miles.

"You can stand the Outside for a while," the oracle proceeded, "but after that it gets monotonous."

Monotonous! I had thought that the monotony was all with him, the life-spicing variety all with me. But in a sentence he put by the pity that I had for him. My lot, not his, was pitiable. My lot was cast, my daily bread was wrested, amid millions. I was, as Francis Thompson wrote of Cecil Rhodes, "lonely in crowded life." He had established and maintained his individuality. He was not merely one more for the census-taker, he was an upstanding and outstanding integer; I, among "the forgotten millions," was but a cipher with the rim removed.

I had thought that life beyond the sixty-fifth parallel or so was life beyond the pale; but I was now to learn that the Arctic Circle is the inner circle, and the real Outsider is, of course, the one who lives "Outside."

Silenced, but not quite convinced, I sought out a sententious trader at Arctic Red River, and, with my arm round his black dog Oogluk (which is, being interpreted, Whale-Blubber), I ruminated what he told me.

"I went out to Vancouver once," he pontificated. "I don't remember now what year It was." The august, epic sweep of his right hand as he spoke dismissed chronology to the limbo of unnecessary things. Time—on those rare occasions when time is recognized in the Far North—never flies; it flows.

"I did not like It," he proceeded, deliberate as a glacier. "I never could make up my mind to cross a street. There were always vehicles and crowds in the way. The buildings were too high. You can usually tell when a mountain or a tree is going to fall. But you cannot be so sure of a house that is made with hands.

"I was visiting my daughter, and I

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did not want her to know that I was restless and lonesome for the North. So I would go down to the docks—the same docks where Bishop Bompas made his bed the time he came out of the North and was homesick for open space. I would get on the little excursion steamers that traveled up and down; for that made me feel at large again, it gave me the sense of room enough. But I never told her where I went. She has become a dancer; she cannot keep her feet still; she gets it from me."

There mushed into Fort Norman from Great Bear Lake, ninety miles to the east, a paladin some centuries misplaced, named D'Arcy Arden. It is a pleasing name to take upon the tongue—it sounds half Avalon, half Avon. From his coign where Dease River comes in and Sir John Franklin winter-quartered he lords it and broods it over a demesne perhaps as great as Lake Huron, but nobody knows, for much of the explorer's work is still to do.

He had his say.

"I never want to go back to civilization!" was his final emphasis. "I like to read books about astronomy and geology, because I have astronomy always over me and geology all round me. But the day's news, months old, means nothing. Europe can get along without me; and certainly I can manage without Europe."

The man at Arctic Red River had rolled up the centuries as a scroll; this man was putting aside the continents one by one. Asia, to him, was no more than a sand-pile and a hot breath swirling it. Why go to Africa for ivory, when the walruses of his Coronation Gulf yield all the cribbage-boards the Eskimos can possibly require? Why ravage South America or vex India or triturate the Lesser Celebes for copper or cereals or diamonds, silks or pearls or spices, when untold and untellable riches lie sequestered in the halls of the northern mountain kings—coal and copper, oil and gold?

Lo! the poor Outsider, what he loses, what he misses! He may subscribe for missionaries—and great good these valiant teachers and preachers and nuns have done for the land these many years. But let him, in his sympathy for Pierre Ratfat and Elsie Drymeat and Mrs. Lameduck and Maria Never-cries and Rabbitt's Lung and Peter Snowshoe (all of them real and living people known to me), be a little sorry for himself as well. They and their dogs may hunger now and then; disease may come and find only a quavering incantation to resist his entrance into the tepee and his plucking of the first-born. A man's foot may freeze, or his ax may slip, or his canoe may sink, or his dogs may die, and the pain of "Maria Chapdelaine" is the pain of Keewatin, Franklin, and Mackenzie as well as of Ontario. But there are compensations; and many a man has gone away with a curse on the land and a fervent promise to his soul that he would not return, only to find that in a city street the lure pursued him like a mænad night and day and would not let him go. The Outsider cannot know; the Insider never can make clear to him the grip that holds, the urge that stirs and never sleeps. The *cheechaco* (the man who has never seen the ice go out) and the sourdough (the man who has learned to save a little of his bread to be the leaven of the next baking) do not talk the same language. But when two Insiders meet they are as the men who fought at Château Thierry or in the Argonne. They lock hands and they look into each other's eyes, and they know without a word.

THE RUSSIAN EXPERIMENT IN YUCATAN

BY MARY TURNER MASON

YUCATAN, one of the most important States of Mexico, has a form of government hardly less radical than Russia. Yet, although Yucatan is near our Southern States and is the chief market from which the United States buys sisal hemp with which to bind our grain crops, almost nothing is heard of this Russian experiment headed by Governor Felipe Carrillo.

If you went to Yucatan to-day with a decided conviction either for or against Socialism, it would not be difficult to find evidence to support either conviction. But to form an unbiased opinion is not easy.

Among those once in power there is generally the strong opposition to the Socialist régime one would expect. However, this opposition is suppressed and apparently unorganized, and from some of these same people comes the statement that for Yucatan's present economic distress much wealthier men than Governor Carrillo and his advisers are the most to blame. (And of course it is notorious that, of the enormous fortunes made in hemp in Yucatan, practically nothing went into improvements for the State.)

On the other hand, among the laborers, from whom one would expect unanimous support of the present order, surprises are found. Sitting on a bench in Merida's pretty laurel-screened public square, with the tall, dignified cathedral on one side and on another the charming old house built in the sixteenth century by the Spanish conqueror Montejo, with its ornate doorway surmounted by Spanish warriors, each standing on heads of native Maya Indians, I say to the small bootblack engaged in coating my shoes with white chalk:

"Viva Carrillo!"

He looks about furtively and says very softly:

"Abajo Carrillo!" ("Down with Carrillo!")

When asked to explain his dislike for the Governor, he gives the same reason as the wealthy planter, "Bad for business." And then, having been paid, he dashes off to join a dozen other ten-year-old members of his same important profession.

A MAYA INDIAN HUNTER

We reached Yucatan through its principal port, Progreso. Large ships, according to their size, must anchor offshore from three to five miles. So our first view was a broad expanse of milky, green water, so shallow that even a slight wind roiled the sand bottom, and beyond only a yellow sand-bar above which stood a fantastic line of cocoanut palms and a tall white lighthouse tower.

On landing we went off to lunch in a restaurant where both flies and food were plentiful, and equally annoying. Here we had our first view of the Socialist order. At a near-by table were two men familiar to any one who knows

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Greenwich Village and an interesting-looking short-haired Mexican woman—all connected with the present Government as advisers, interpreters, or publicity agents.

To understand Yucatan at all one must know something of henequen, which is the name commonly applied to both the fiber and the plant, *Agave sisalense*. It is a gray-green herb belonging to the same family and looking very much like the century plant. It will grow in the most arid soil and needs little care. The large swordlike leaves are cut by hand and carried to machines. These machines tear out the inner fiber, which is then dried in the sun and packed in bales. This is henequen fiber, which is used in great quantities to bind the harvests of the world. It is practically the sole product of Yucatan. Thus whatever affects henequen affects the whole State.

The commercial value of the plant was discovered about one hundred years ago. Since then it has been responsible for a period of wonderful prosperity in Yucatan, for a system of debt slavery which was one of the scandals of the world, and for various systems of collective bargaining. These Government monopolies of selling were created by placing a high tax on whatever fiber was not sold through them. Recently too great ambition to raise the price of henequen and unskillful management of selling have driven the greatest buyers of hemp to other markets, and so reduced the price of sisal that it is almost impossible to raise it at a profit.

At this economic crisis appear Felipe Carrillo and the labor laws. Felipe Carrillo is a native Yucatecan. He is about forty years old, rather tall, with wavy black hair, close-set, keen, friendly eyes, a high, narrow forehead, and a firm, square jaw. In fact, he looks like a typical American labor leader. He started as a railway conductor. For many years he has been prominent in Yucatecan politics and especially interested in the abolition of slavery. His views, particularly in regard to improving the condition of the Maya Indians, have caused him to be imprisoned five times. He became Governor of Yucatan February 1, 1922.

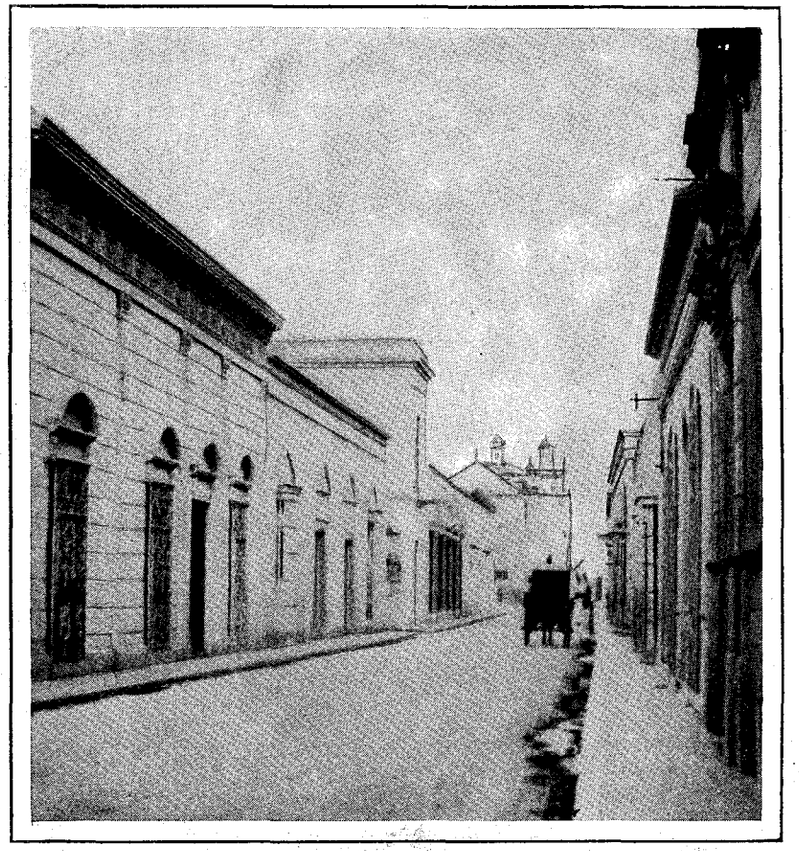
Carrillo received us in a large room where his desk was placed democratically beside those of lesser officials.

"My sole aim, my only platform," he said, "is to better the condition of the Maya Indian."

When asked if Yucatan had any idea of separating from the Central Government, he said:

"On the contrary, we hope to spread our form of government through all Mexico."

The Governor aims first to educate every Indian to read and write Spanish and to take part intelligently in the government of the State. There are rebellious Indians in the outlying districts who speak only Maya and who, until quite recently, thought that they were still fighting the Spanish. Schools are plentiful in Merida, Yucatan's charming capital of about 70,000 inhabitants. Many schools are held in what were once Catholic churches, the Cathedral and a limited number of smaller churches being still lighted by the flickering tapers of the faithful. These schools are much criticised for teaching Socialism and birth control to the children. The latter charge is an obvious slander, the fact being that the Government distributes free of charge to all adults who ask for them Margaret Sanger's pamphlets on birth control. That the schools teach Socialism may be the inevitable result of the fact that most of the teachers are in sympathy with the present Government. Socialism is not part of the school curriculum.



CLEANLINESS AND QUIET CONSTITUTE THE IMPRESSION ONE GETS OF THE STREETS OF MERIDA. THE CAPITAL OF YUCATAN HAS 70,000 POPULATION AND IS CERTAINLY THE CLEANEST CITY IN MEXICO

All over Merida one sees signs of "*Liga de Resistencia*," "*Liga de Carlos Marx*," "*Liga Feminista*." These are *ligas* (or unions) formed by workers, not according to trade, but according to political districts. These *ligas* have no direct control of the Government, but by popular vote send in recommendations which, theoretically, the Government will feel compelled to follow. Each member of a *liga* pays dues of twenty-five cents gold a month. This money is turned in to the Central Government. In Merida it is commonly said that *ligas* are soviets, but the fact is they have much less power than the soviets of Russia. However, they are still young and not fully developed.

One of the principal aims of the Government is to see that each community owns sufficient land for its own needs. The plan is to divide all land so that the large landholders will be reduced from hundreds or thousands of hectares to fifty, while every one else will have the right to twenty hectares. (A hectare is about two and one-half acres.) The difficulty of this plan is that the soil of Yucatan is a very shallow, barren layer above a limestone formation, and henequen is one of the few crops that can be grown year after year on the same land. After two or three seasons of raising corn or other food crops the soil is worn out and must be abandoned for a long period. Moreover, up to date henequen raising on a small scale has not been successful, because the machinery for separating the fibers from the pulp is very expensive, and, as the margin of profit on each bale is small, anyway, many bales must be produced in order to meet costs. To overcome this difficulty it is proposed that machinery be owned by each community as a whole, and that, with the idea of making henequen a "public utility," as the Gov rnor puts it, all possible Government aid shall be given to the small planter. The Government selling monopoly is to be continued, with the aim of holding the price of henequen as high as possible.

Another ambition is the building of

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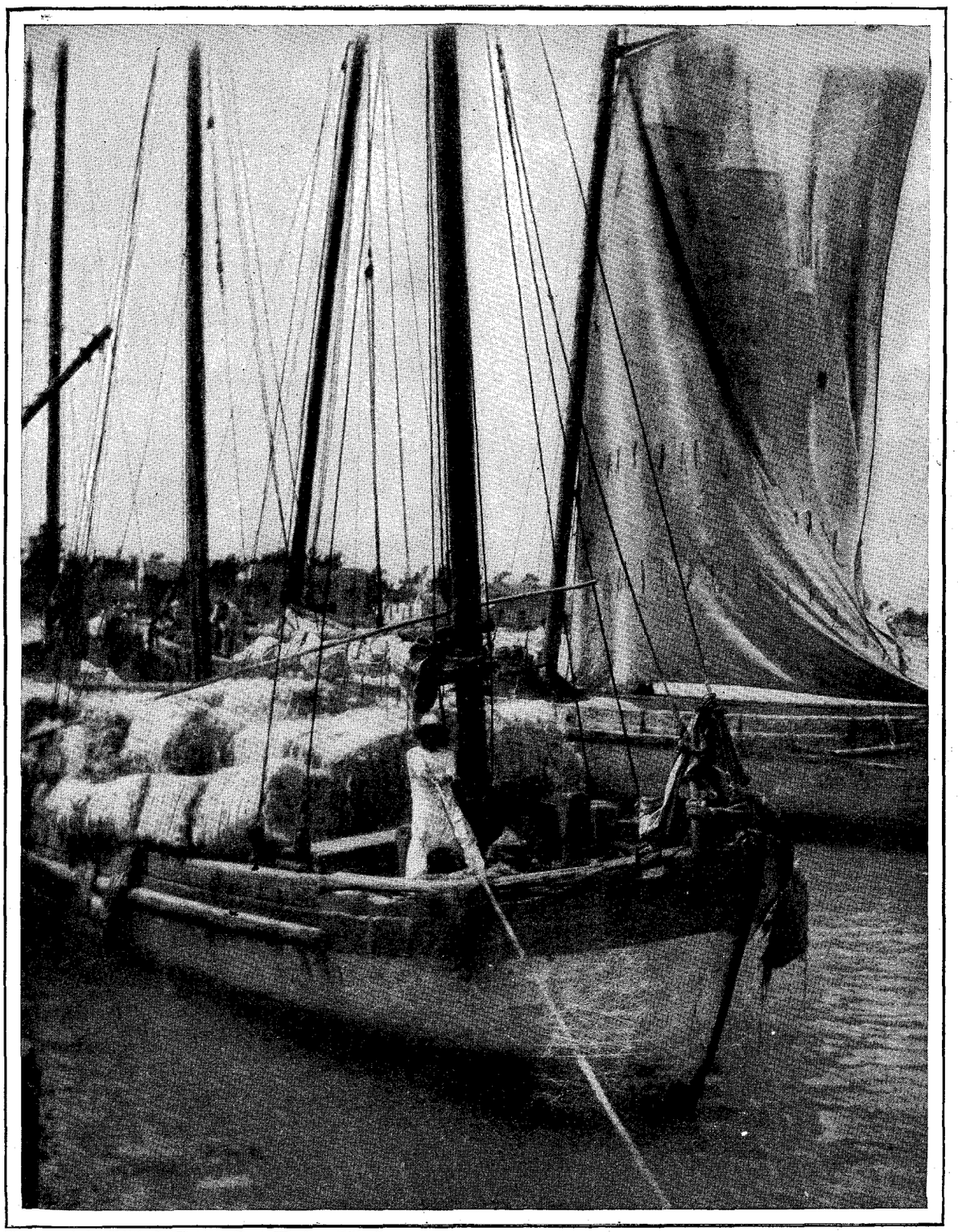

Photograph by Edith S. Watson, East Windsor Hill, Conn.

BOATS LADEN WITH SISAL AT PROGRESO, YUCATAN

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new roads, since at present Yucatan has very few roads that deserve that title at all. The *ligas* in many districts have agreed that each member shall work one day each week without compensation and other days at a very reduced wage in order to facilitate the completion of good roads.

Other reforms in prospect are easier marriage and divorce laws, and the legitimatizing of all children, the child born out of marriage taking the father's name and sharing in all inheritance equally with the children of the man's legal wife. It is said that at present thirty per cent of the children of all Yucatan and forty-five per cent of the children of Merida are illegitimate.

And now we come to the labor law, the *Codigo de Trabajo*, passed by the Twenty-fifth Congress of Yucatan in 1918, when Felipe Carrillo was temporary Governor.

This law stipulates that workers may demand a raise in wages whenever there is an increase in the cost of living. No contract shall be made for more than one year. The workers shall share in the profits of the business in which they are employed, the amount of their share to be determined by a board of arbitration made up of one laborer, one employer, and one representative of the Government.

If an employer ceases to operate his business without justifiable cause, the Government may take over the business and operate it for the benefit of the workers. For instance, if an American with a shoe business in Merida decided he would like to move to Cuba, the Yucatecan Government gives itself under this law the right to declare his reasons for moving inadequate and the right to confiscate his entire stock and the furnishings of his store in order to keep the business running for the benefit of the American's former employees. The citizen of the United States would not be prevented from moving his own person to Cuba, but it would be at the sacrifice of his entire investment in Yucatan!

Another clause which has very picturesque possibilities states that employees working away from their homes may return to their homes as often as they please at the expense of the employer. Furthermore, the harassed capitalist must provide free living quarters for such employees, and they may continue to occupy these quarters at his expense for as much as one year after they have left his employ!

An allusion to the abominable debt slavery of former times is seen in the provision that the family and relatives of a laborer may not be held responsible for his debts.

The maximum working day in Yucatan is eight hours, the ordinary working day six hours.

Very liberal provision is made for the care of workers taken sick or injured in accidents. A worker who has been employed less than two years and who is injured by accident will receive full pay during the first six months of his absence; after that he will be considered permanently disabled and will receive one year's wages. But if he has been employed by the same patron more than two years at the time of the accident he shall be given a lump sum equivalent to wages for five years. Moreover, when accidents are caused by violation of factory laws all indemnities are increased one hundred per cent.

A worker who becomes sick receives full pay during his illness if that has been in any way due to his work. In the case of the death of a new employee from an illness or an accident in any way *due to his work* his employer must pay his family one year's wages. And where a laborer who has been employed by the same capitalist for as much as three months dies *from any cause whatever* his employer must pay his family a sum equal to one year's wages!

These are the most radical points in the labor law of Yucatan. It also contains many humanitarian provisions that are considered wise and desirable by all civilized countries.

There are several considerations which make Yucatan's present experiment in government seem to me especially interesting. Of course we must always remember that it is a natural reaction to former oppression, to the slavery of henequen ranches made possible by contract labor and the system by which debts were passed from one generation to the next, and by which no laborer was allowed to leave a plantation while he owed his employer one *centavo*. As a test of Socialism the Yucatan experiment is unusually simple and clear cut, owing to the fact that, practically speaking, Yucatan has only one industry, henequen. The success of Carrillo's schemes in Yucatan would not necessarily mean that they would succeed in a State of more diversified industries; on the other hand, if Carrillo's ideas prove impracticable in Yucatan, would they not be all the more impracticable in a country of multiple business interests like the United States or France?

Comparisons with Russia of course suggest themselves. Yucatan is favored by having the support of the Federal Mexican Government, and the fact that it is less conspicuous than Russia has prevented the Peninsula State from being boycotted by the great capitalistic states of the world, as Russia has been boycotted.

However, certain disadvantages to Yucatan in the comparison with the country dominated by Lenine, Trotsky, *et al.*, arise from the very fact that the land of the Mayas is a one-industry country. They are the disadvantages, already mentioned, which spring from the fact that small-scale production of henequen has never yet been made to pay—even when the market was not broken as it now is because of post-war economic disturbances. And of course, even if Carrillo is sincere, his best friends do not claim for him the ability of Lenine. One who has seen the Yucatecan radicals at close hand cannot stifle the reflection that Socialists, like believers in patent medicines, are too often inclined to rely on one panacea rather than to seek a cure for the specific ill at hand.

A STUDENT recently approached an instructor in literature with an unusual complaint. "When I agreed to take this course," she said, "I understood that you were going to comment on books before they were published."

Professor Morison's notable volume, "The Maritime History of Massachusetts," does not fall in the class called for by this too eager pupil. In fact, it has been out for more than a year. Those who read Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott's discussion of this volume in a forthcoming issue will agree with us that reviews should not be confined strictly to books which are hot off the press.

A TYPICAL STREET OF MERIDA, WITH LOW, BARRED WINDOWS AT STREET LEVEL

Such arches over streets and driveways are by no means the least attractive vestiges of Spanish influence in Yucatan

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LORDS OF THE AIR

Copyright, 1919, A. B. Dockham—Courtesy of the National Park Service

YOUNG BALD-HEADED EAGLES ON NEST IN DEAD TREE ON EAGLE LAKE, MOUNT DESERT (LAFAYETTE NATIONAL PARK)

This lake was named by Frederick E. Church, the artist, in the early '50s, from the many eagles that haunted it

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE BOOK BEHIND THE TURK

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

NIETZSCHE, Treitschke, Bernhardi—in 1914 we read them all. From a like motive we now read Mohammed and his clerks, who, scribbling Arabic from right to left on skins and palm-leaves, wrote the world's most widely popularized book. More than 200,000,000 Moslems hear it droned aloud daily.

In New York I recently went from shop to shop, meeting everywhere the reply, "All sold out; since Smyrna every one has been asking for it," until finally, in a dowdy second-hand shop, I picked up a battered calf-bound volume, "The Koran: Commonly Called the Alcoran of Mohammed; Translated into English by George Sale, Gent."

Voltaire asserts that George Sale, Gent., had passed five-and-twenty years in Arabia, though more reliable testimony makes him out a stay-at-home Briton whose "guide through the mazes of Oriental dialects was Mr. Didichi, the King's interpreter." He is further described as having possessed a "healthy constitution, and a communicative mind in a comely person." Agreeable qualifications, these. According to Professor George W. Gillmore, his version, which appeared in 1734, "is as good as any."

Sale gives us the Koran in pure prose (its author wrote in rhymed prose—rhymed sing-song, Professor George Foote Moore terms it), and the translation, printed like any prose work, has a bulk slightly less than that of the New Testament.

On first opening a Koran one is struck with the bizarre exoticism of its 114 chapter headings—"The Cow," "The Poets," "Smoke," "The Ants," "She who is Tried," "The Elephant," "Adoration," "The War Horses that Run Swiftly," "The Spider," etc., etc. But, while we have here a literary curiosity of the first order, what especially invites us is the chance of discovering whether actually this book behind the Turk teaches in plain language the monstrous things we have been told it teaches. Beneath each chapter heading we find a *bismillah:* "In the name of the most merciful God." Does "the most merciful God" command Turks to slaughter Christians? Does that God bid Turks take many wives? Does that God promise them a paradise teeming with voluptuous, dark-eyed houris? "The Turk is not so black as painted," say our Turcophiles. "Maligned by unscrupulous missionaries and greedy statesmen, he has been grossly misunderstood. We must learn to understand him." So? Then how better can we learn to understand him than by searching his Scriptures? Koran means "That Which Should Be Read." It should be.

Triumph of the Faithful

64–66. Divine mercy shown even to unbelievers. 67. Security of Mecca. 68, 69. The believers shall be successful.

64 And this life of the world is nothing but a sport and a play; and as for the next abode, that most surely is the life: did they but know!

65 So when they ride in the ships they call upon Allah, being sincerely obedient to Him, but when He brings them safe to the land, lo! they associate others (with Him);

66 Thus they become ungrateful for what We have given them, so that they may enjoy; but they shall soon know.

67 Do they not see that We have made a sacred territory secure,[a] while men are carried off by force from around them?[1928A] Will they still believe in the falsehood and disbelieve in the favour of Allah?

68 And who is more unjust than one who forges a lie against Allah, or gives the lie to the truth when it has come to him? Will not in hell be the abode of the unbelievers?

69 And (as for) those who strive hard for Us, We will most certainly guide them in Our ways; and Allah is most surely with the doers of good.

وَمَا هٰذِهِ الْحَيٰوةُ الدُّنْيَآ اِلَّا لَهْوٌ وَّ
لَعِبٌ ۭ وَاِنَّ الدَّارَ الْاٰخِرَةَ لَهِيَ الْحَيَوَانُ
لَوْ كَانُوْا يَعْلَمُوْنَ ۝
فَاِذَا رَكِبُوْا فِي الْفُلْكِ دَعَوُا اللّٰهَ مُخْلِصِيْنَ
لَهُ الدِّيْنَ ۚ فَلَمَّا نَجّٰىهُمْ اِلَى الْبَرِّ اِذَا هُمْ
يُشْرِكُوْنَ ۝
لِيَكْفُرُوْا بِمَآ اٰتَيْنٰهُمْ ۚ وَلِيَتَمَتَّعُوْا ۣ
فَسَوْفَ يَعْلَمُوْنَ ۝
اَوَلَمْ يَرَوْا اَنَّا جَعَلْنَا حَرَمًا اٰمِنًا وَّ
يُتَخَطَّفُ النَّاسُ مِنْ حَوْلِهِمْ ۭ اَفَبِالْبَاطِلِ
يُؤْمِنُوْنَ وَبِنِعْمَةِ اللّٰهِ يَكْفُرُوْنَ ۝
وَمَنْ اَظْلَمُ مِمَّنِ افْتَرٰى عَلَى اللّٰهِ كَذِبًا
اَوْ كَذَّبَ بِالْحَقِّ لَمَّا جَاۗءَهٗ ۭ اَلَيْسَ فِيْ
جَهَنَّمَ مَثْوًى لِّلْكٰفِرِيْنَ ۝
وَالَّذِيْنَ جَاهَدُوْا فِيْنَا لَنَهْدِيَنَّهُمْ
سُبُلَنَا ۭ وَاِنَّ اللّٰهَ لَمَعَ الْمُحْسِنِيْنَ ۝

A PAGE OF THE KORAN FROM "THE HOLY QUR-ÂN," PRESENTING AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION AND THE ARABIC TEXT

True, there are whole chapters devoid of incitements toward slaughter. In the main, this is a far less bloodthirsty volume than we had been led to expect, and yet several passages explicitly command violence. "O prophet, attack the infidels with arms!" "Fight therefore for the religion of God. . . . Incite the faithful to war." "O prophet, stir up the faithful to war! . . . It hath not been granted unto any prophet that he should possess captives until he hath made a great slaughter of the infidels in the earth." "War is enjoined you against the infidels; but this is hateful unto you; yet perchance you hate a thing which is better for you, and love a thing which is worse for you; but God knoweth and ye know not." "When the months wherein ye are not allowed to attack them shall be passed, kill the idolators wheresoever ye shall find them, and take them prisoners, and besiege them, and lay wait for them in every convenient place." Still again:

"When ye encounter the unbelievers, strike off their heads, until ye have made a great slaughter among them; and bind them in bonds; and either give them a free dismission afterwards, or exact a ransom; until the war shall have laid down its arms. This shall ye do. Verily if God pleased he could take vengeance on them, without your assistance; but he commandeth you to fight his battles, that he may prove the one of you by the other. And as to those who fight in defense of God's true religion, God will not suffer their works to perish: he will guide them, and will dispose their heart aright; and he will lead them into paradise, of which he

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hath told them. O true believers, if ye assist God by fighting for his religion, he will assist you against your enemies; and he will set your feet fast: but as for the infidels, let them perish; and their works shall God render vain. This shall befall them, because they have rejected with abhorrence that which God hath revealed: wherefore their works shall become of no avail. Do they not travel through the earth, and see what hath been the end of those who were before them? God utterly destroyed them: and the like catastrophe awaiteth the unbelievers. This shall come to pass, for that God is the patron of the true believers, and for that the infidels have no protector."

This paradise into which the slaughterers of infidels are to be "led," is it actually described as the celestial cabaret of which we read in missionary leaflets? According to the Koran, "Therein shall they be given to drink a cup of wine, mixed with the water of Zenjebil, a fountain in paradise named Salsabil; and youths, which shall continue forever in their bloom, shall go to attend them; when thou seest them, thou shalt think them to be scattered pearls; and when thou lookest, there shalt thou behold delights and a great kingdom. Upon them shall be garments of fine green silk, and they shall be adorned with bracelets of silver; and their Lord shall give them to drink of a most pure liquor, and shall say unto them, Verily this is your reward." "The description of paradise, which is promised unto the pious: therein . . . are rivers of wine, pleasant to those who drink . . . and pardon from their Lord." "And it shall be said unto them, Eat and drink with easy digestion; because of that which ye have wrought: leaning on couches disposed in order: and we will espouse them unto virgins having large black eyes." "Thus shall it be: and we will espouse them to fair damsels." "For the pious is prepared a place of bliss; gardens planted with trees, and vineyards, and damsels with swelling breasts, of equal age with themselves, and a full cup."

In this present world the Koran forbids wine. "They will ask thee concerning wine and lots: Answer, In both there is great sin, and also some things of use unto man; but their sinfulness is greater than their use." "O true believers, surely wine, and lots, and images, and divining arrows are an abomination of the work of Satan; therefore avoid them that ye may prosper." Polygamy, however, is permitted—within limits. "Take in marriage of such women as please you two, or three, or four." Mohammed took a dozen, and, to allay scandal, received a special revelation: "O prophet, we have allowed thee thy wives unto whom thou hast given their dower, and also the slaves which thy right hand possesseth, of the booty which God hath granted thee; and the daughters of thy uncle, and the daughters of thy aunts, both on thy father's side, and on thy mother's side, who have fled with thee from Mecca, and any other believing woman, if she give herself unto the prophet; in case the prophet desireth to take her to wife."

One sometimes hears it said that the Koran denies women have souls, but nothing in the text justifies the assertion, though the position assigned to women is far from exalted. "Men shall have pre-eminence above women, because of those advantages wherein God hath caused the one of them to excel the other. The honest women are obedient. . . . But those, whose perverseness ye shall be apprehensive of, rebuke; and remove them into separate apartments, and chastise them." "Ye may divorce your wives twice. . . . But if the husband divorce her a third time, she shall not be lawful for him again until she marry another husband."

Not by any means all of the Koran makes as easy reading as the above citations. A discursive, higgledy-piggledy writer was Mohammed. As he tells us, the people of Mecca called his Koran "a confused heap of dreams," though he considered it a model production himself, and declared, "Verily, if men and genii were purposely assembled, that they might produce a book like this Koran, they could not produce one like it, although the one assisted the other." For he maintained that the Koran was inspired. Says George Sale, Gent.: "The Mohammedans absolutely deny the Koran was composed by their prophet himself, or any other for him; it being their general and orthodox belief that it is of divine origin, nay that it is eternal and uncreated, remaining, as some express it, in the very essence of God; that the first transcript has been from everlasting by God's throne, written on a table of vast bigness, called the preserved table, in which are also recorded the divine decrees past and future; that a copy from this table, in one volume on paper, was by the ministry of the Angel Gabriel sent down to the lowest heaven, in the month of Ramadan, on the night of power: from whence Gabriel revealed it to Mohammed by parcels, some at Mecca and some at Medina, at different times, during the space of twenty-three years, as the exigency of affairs required: giving him however the consolation to show him the whole (which they tell us was bound in silk, and adorned with gold and precious stones of paradise) once a year; but in the last year of his life he had the favor to see it twice."

Quite possibly Mohammed believed this, or thought he did. Even in his childhood he was subject to epileptic fits, and, though he had mentality enough to act as master of camel trains for a lady engaged in the import and export business and enough cunning to marry her, he was all his days a neurasthenic. In Mecca his fellow-townsmen thought him mad. But his book betrays a manifest, albeit slipshod, dependence upon the Old and New Testaments, and its real origin is explained in an article contributed to the New Schaff-Herzog Religious Encyclopædia by Professor Gillmore, who tells us:

"There were a number of Jewish tribes in Arabia. That from the Jews in his early journeys the founder derived his tendency toward a rigid monotheism is at least possible. Christianity, also, through two channels affected Islam: (1) through the hermits whose huts and caves dotted the desert, while they themselves were respected by the nomads; (2) through the faith of the Abyssinians, whose country was the refuge of Mohammed's followers in the stormy times of the close of the first Mecca period. The third source of Mohammed's inspiration was the Hanifs—a discovery comparatively recent. Hanif probably means 'penitent,' and the name was applied to men who, not constituting a sect, were scattered through Arabia as recluses, individual seekers after God. Among these men had developed belief in a deity like Allah."

That Islam was superior, morally and spiritually, to the religions it displaced scholars freely admit. When the Mongolians we now know as Turks came under its influence, they gained much. But the new faith, though a parody of Christianity in various respects, taught its devotees to abhor Christianity as well as Judaism and to loathe Christians as well as Jews.

Declares the Koran: "They are infidels who say, 'Verily, God is Christ the son of Mary.' . . . Christ the son of Mary is no more than an apostle. . . . The Jews say, Ezra is the son of God, and the Christians say, Christ is the son of God. This is their saying in their mouths; they imitate the saying of those who were infidels in former times. May God resist them. . . . As for the unbelievers, their wealth shall not profit them, neither their children against God. . . . O true believers, take not the Jews or the Christians for your friends: they are friends one to the other; but whoso among you taketh them for his friends, he is surely one of them."

So these are "the signs of the book and of the perspicuous Koran," which Mohammed and his clerks wrote on skins and palm-leaves early in the seventh century A.D. Is it remarkable that to-day there are Americans who regard them as signs, likewise, of the all too perspicuous Turk? Our Turcophiles would persuade us that interracial bad temper over business matters accounts for the abominations committed by Abdul the Damned and his still more outrageous successors. The problem is "economic," we are told. It is "administrative." It is a result of "impossible" tactics on the part of non-Turkish minorities. It is that, and that alone. Whereas the Koran itself unfits the Turk to rule non-Turkish minorities. Tolerance, sympathy, friendliness, are alike forbidden. Instead, the book teaches a hatred that finds expression in perennial

(*Continued on page* 101)

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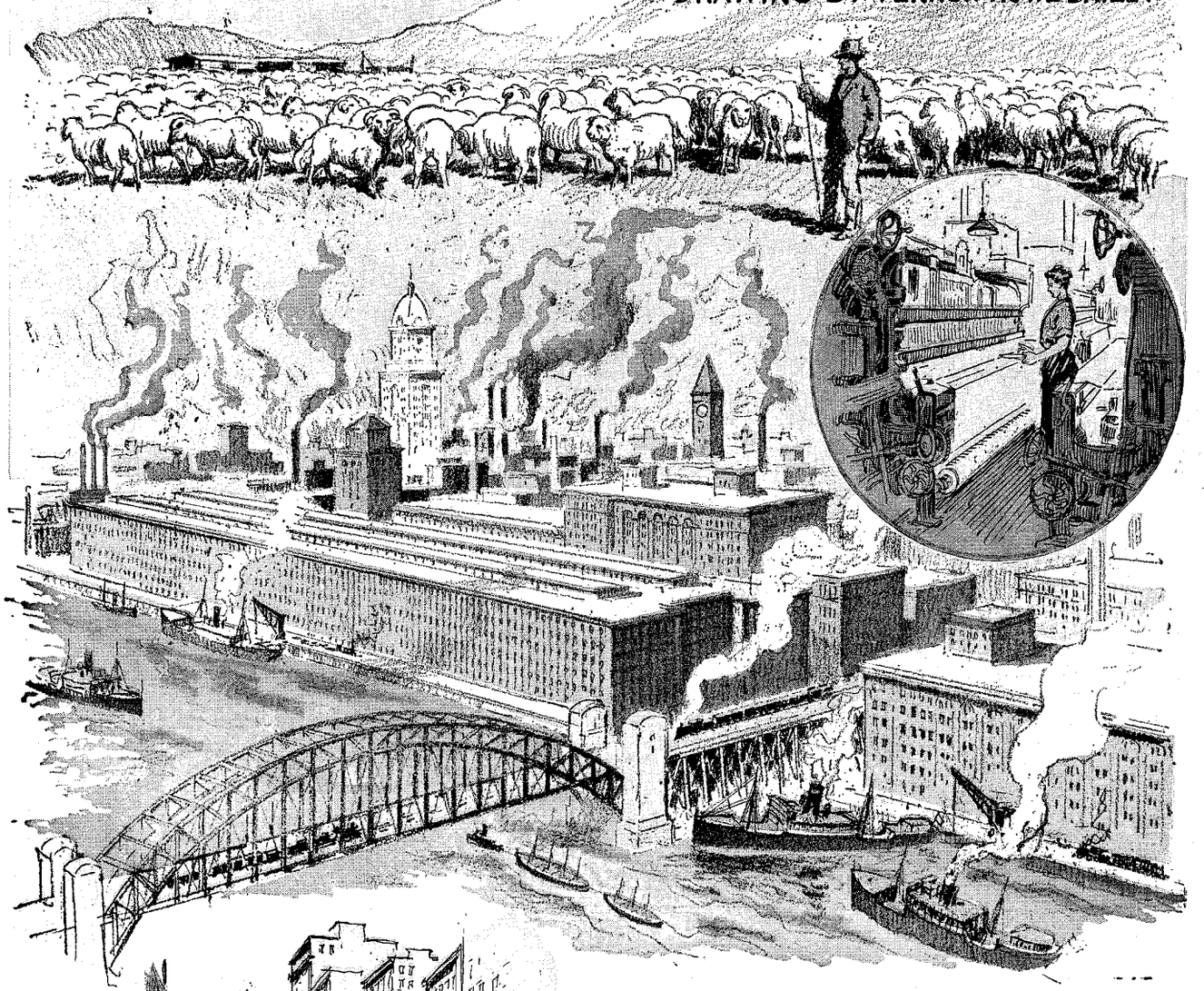
THE HOUSE THAT WOOL BUILT

BY NEWTON FUESSLE

DRAWING BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY



THE full-back who crashes through an opposing line and gains the required number of yards is only at his best when his opponents are at their best. Grant and Foch would be lesser names if they had had less powerful foes to contend with. Historic achievements can only be vividly recorded in terms of the odds that were massed against the winners.

It is the same in business. It takes competition to develop greatness in an industrial leader, his product, his organization, and his methods.

Rockefeller might have remained a clerk if there had been no competition among oil refiners. Carnegie and Gary and Schwab might never have been heard of if there had been no competition

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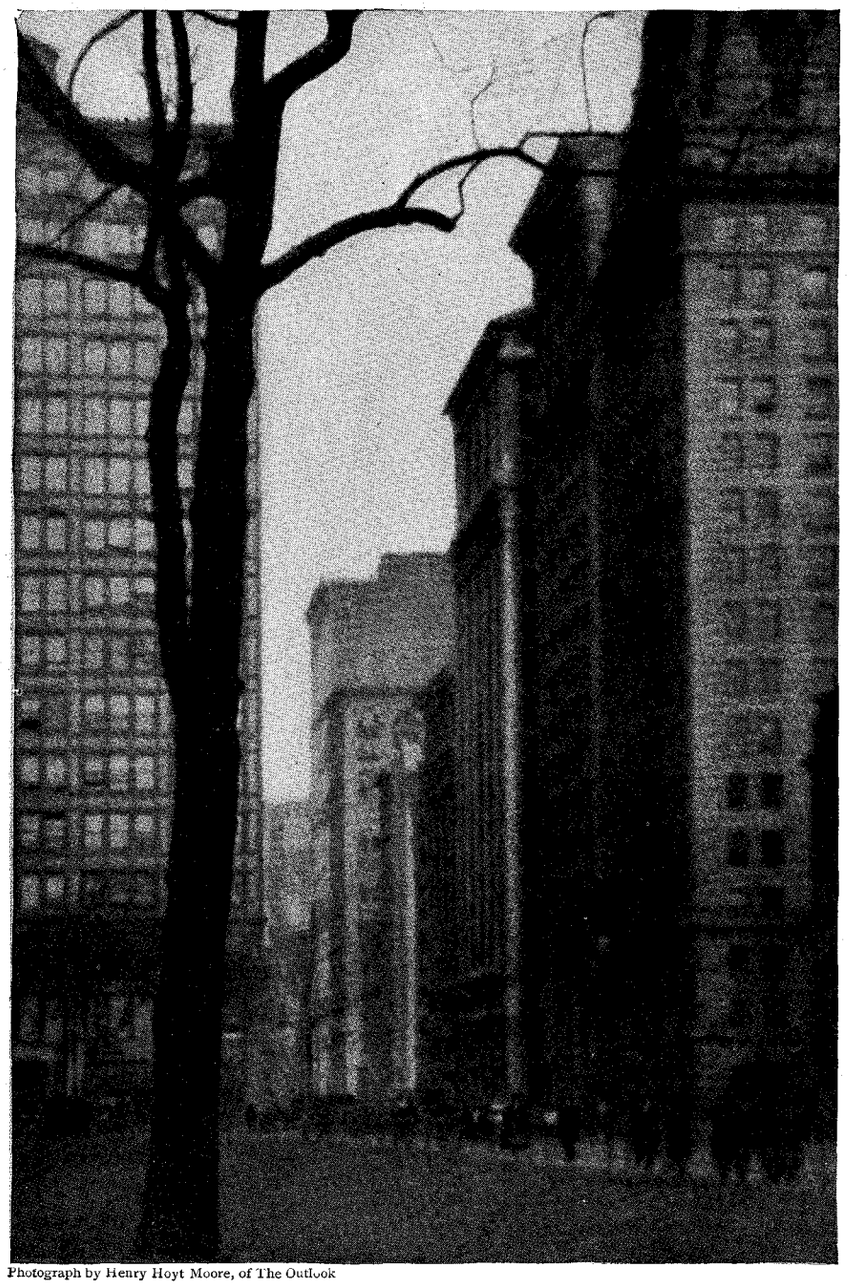

Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore, of The Outlook

View from Union Square, New York, of the nineteen-story American Woolen Building, headquarters of the immense direct selling organization created by Mr. Wood

in the steel industry. Vanderbilt and Harriman and Hill were the products of competition to transport people and goods. The name Woolworth would probably have remained obscure if there had been no competition for nickels and dimes.

There would be no American Woolen Company, and the name of William M. Wood, its founder, might mean nothing to the world industrially if it had not been for the hardest kind of competition among manufacturers of woolens and worsteds. From the date of the American Woolen Company's founding, twenty-four years ago, down to the present moment competition has been the meat on which this organization has fed and grown strong.

The seventeen old-fashioned mills that were originally consolidated into the American Woolen Company had to compete desperately with the multitude of rival mills in their effort to put their cloth on American backs. And as mill after mill was added to the original seventeen competition continued to grow greater instead of growing less, until to-day the 59 mills of the American Woolen Company are operating in a field occupied by 799 different establishments, all engaged in stern and strenuous competition.

HISTORIC FIGHT FOR QUALITY

The struggle for quality has probably been waged longer in the field of woolen manufacture than in any other industry. It began in ancient Babylon. Herodotus mentions that the Babylonians were clothed in woolen tunics. The ancient Greeks were weavers of wool. The Romans employed much the same fundamental principles of wool-weaving that are used to-day; so did the Flemish of the Middle Ages. But the continuous refinement and modernization of the many operations have gone on unabated ever since.

The struggle for quality and economy on a mass-production basis, never foreseen by the ancients, is at its height to-day. The mills that can produce the best product at the lowest price are the mills that win. Every yard of cloth that flows yearly from the American Woolen Company looms is appraised by this severe standard. For in the woolen field, as on the football field, every yard gained is due to superior effort.

The company's 59 mills do not have 59 different varieties of production standards. They have only one standard of production—to provide the public with the best possible cloth, blankets, or yarns at the lowest possible price. The tasks of these different mills vary. Their locations vary, ranging from the State of Maine down to Kentucky; each mill does the work it is best fitted for geographically. But the same high standards of production govern each of these 59 mills.

If only mere magnitude counted, then football would be a fat man's game and some bounder could win his laurels in wool by building a mill five miles long. But it is not mere magnitude alone, nor huge buying potentialities, nor financial resources running into high figures, nor consolidated selling effort, that have placed these 59 mills in the high position they occupy. It is what happens in those mills that tells the story. It is a story of remarkable mechanical equipment joined with the most careful craftsmanship.

"It is one thing to be big so that bigness will crush honest competition," declares one observer. "It is another thing to be big and remain big to meet foreign and domestic competition. The American Woolen Company keeps itself up to the minute, in fighting trim, so that cloth may be produced at reasonable prices for the millions of people of

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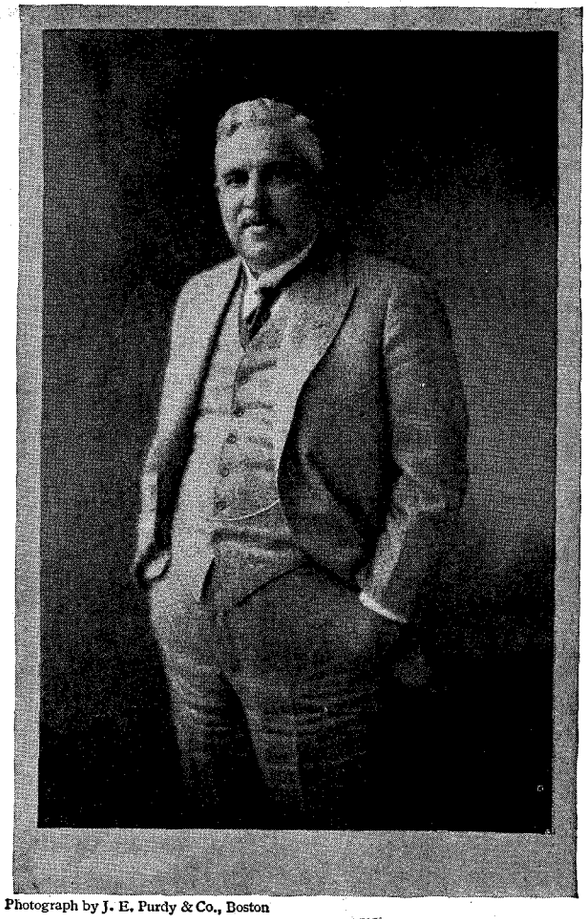
this country who wear American Woolen Company's fabrics. That is why this company's mills are the pace-makers and the bell-wether of the bunch."

THE WORLD'S FINEST WORSTEDS

That the Wood Worsted Mill of the American Woolen group is the largest of its kind on earth is not so important. But the significant thing is that the world's finest worsted fabrics are made in this mill. Every operation, from the sorting and washing of the raw wool, down to packing the finished fabric for shipment, is performed in this mill, which is a quarter of a mile in length. This vast mill, with its 230,000 spindles, has been responsible for bringing fine worsteds within reach of the public at reasonable prices.

Worsteds are those dressy fabrics of clear, bright, well-defined patterns, made of close, firmly woven, parallel, long-fiber threads. The short-fiber threads have been removed and the worsted threads resemble a wire in evenness, while the threads of woolen fabrics are uneven and irregular, and their fabrics softer, more elastic, and generally duller in color effects. The Wood Worsted Mill stands as a monument to the sagacity, far-sightedness, and determination of the company's President. Close observers refer to his "master mind" because of his success in planning and working out the details, not only of mass production and consolidated buying for the company, but of an enormous selling organization, fully commensurate with the company's needs. It is through this vast selling agency, known as the American Woolen Company of New York, that the output of the American Woolen Company mills is promptly disposed of without recourse to commission agents or any needless selling gestures. The founder considered this selling agency an essential factor in eliminating lost motion and needless expense in the journey of the output from the mills to the trade.



The president and founder of the American Woolen Company has expanded the manufacture of highest-grade cloth to a degree of mass production unheard of before his time

Photograph by J. E. Purdy & Co., Boston

William M. Wood

INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE

Speaking recently of the intricate duties of the management toward its employees, its stockholders, and the public, the President of the American Woolen Company declared:

"I hardly need to point out to you how delicate these duties are in relation to each other, or how vitally they may at times conflict. If I should give to the employees unreasonable wages, I should thereby unjustly take the amount thus spent either from the investor or from the public. If I should take it from the investor, he does not have a fair return upon his money. If I charge it in the price which the public pays, they are called upon to pay for the fabric which they must have more than a just price.

"If, on the other hand, I deny to the worker his proper wage, thus favoring the investor or the public, I inflict a wrong on thousands of toilers and the thousands in the families dependent upon them.

"Let us take the case of the investor. He has committed to me his property in the confidence that I shall be faithful to the trust that I have accepted in his behalf; that I will be honest and fair and square with his interests; that I will manage his property wisely, with sound judgment, and, above all, successfully. If I should falter in the discharge of this trust, if I should take from the investor and give unfairly to the worker or to the public who buy our product, I should not be fit to hold my trust.

"Take the case of the public. If I should willingly assent to the workers and investors combining together to exact a higher wage or a larger profit from the public than was fair, I should assent to an injustice to thousands of the people who wear the clothes made up from our fabrics and thus do to them a serious social wrong.

"It is thus my duty and the duty of those who constitute with me the management to hold the scales fairly and justly as between these three great interests—the worker, the investor, and the public. It is my duty to see that, so far as I have power, no injustice shall be done to either or any, but that the problem shall be fairly, or at least honestly solved."

MECHANICAL MAGIC

Few people outside of the business itself realize what tremendous mechanical ingenuity has been applied to the intricate task of converting raw wool into cloth; and the company's manufacturing ingenuity, applied on a scale of mass production unheard of and undreamed of before our time, has been motivated by the necessity, due to competition, of producing a better and better quality of

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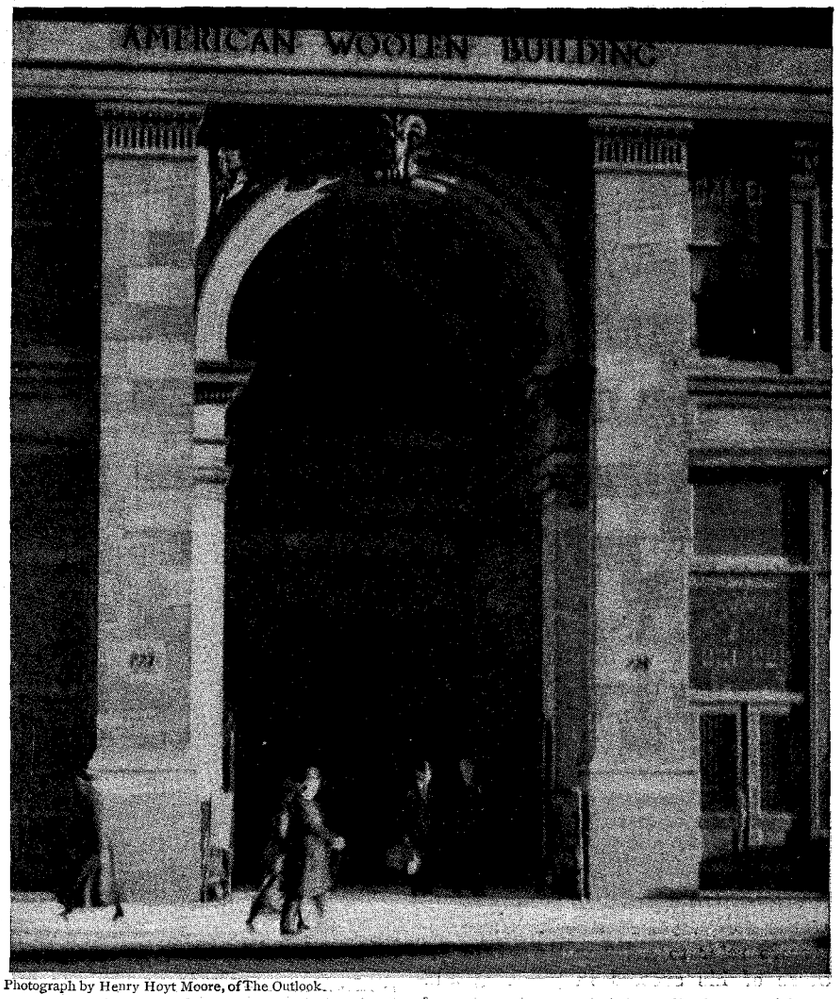
goods on a more and more economical basis.

It is a long journey from the great sheep ranches to the shop windows of Fifth Avenue tailors; but it is an incomparably longer and more amazing journey that takes place within the walls of a woolen or worsted mill. This journey is made on machines and looms that have taxed the brains of inventors. It is a marvelous journey through water and through the air. After the wool is sorted it is subjected to a heroic cleansing and scouring. Automatic rakes draw it through enormous washing-machines, consisting of vat after vat of warm, soapy water which removes all the grease, dirt, and foreign matter. Great rollers squeeze the water from the wool before it passes into a fresh bowl. Thence it goes through the drying chambers and on to the carding.

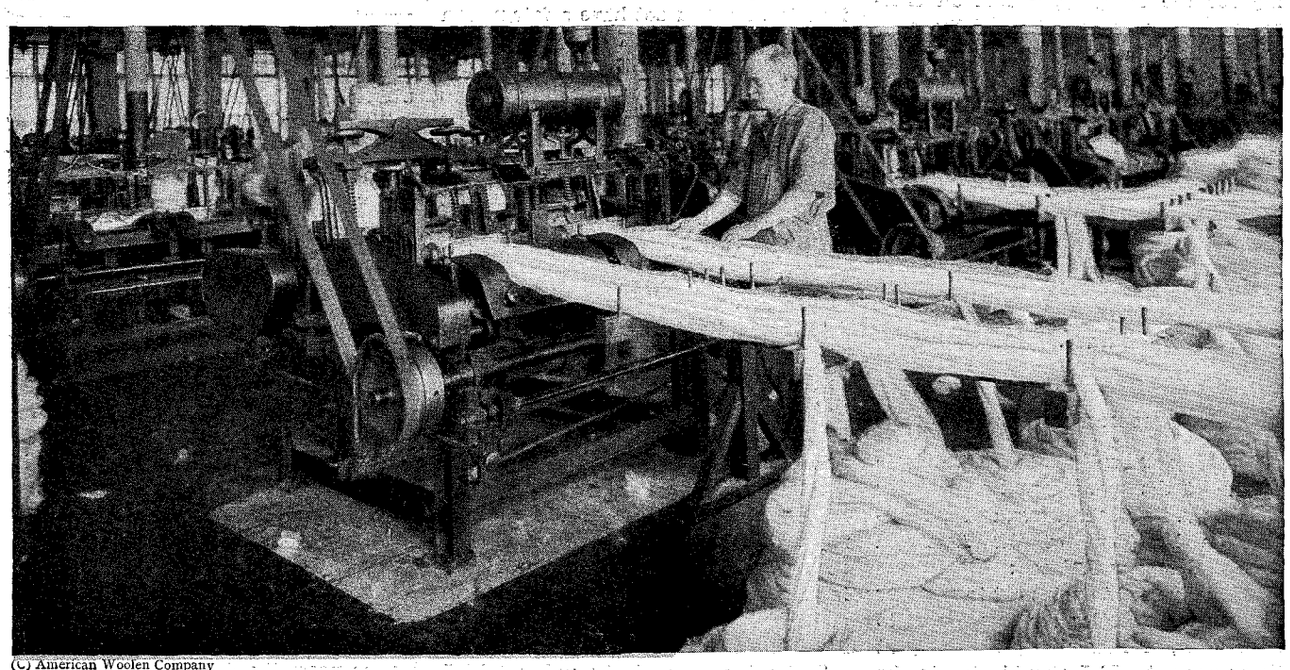
Now it is found whirling its way in tenuous festoons and soft, creamy strands from the carding and gilling machines. In the worsted carding process the wool is passed between rapidly revolving cylinders and rollers bristling with the ends of many small wires. These cylinders revolve in opposite directions; the process cleverly opens, straightens, and separates the fibers, and the wool is delivered in soft strands. Over the ponderous revolving cylinders rolls a gossamer of wool in a continuous cataract, like an endless flood of grayish cream.

But before the wool is deftly harnessed to the roaring shuttles of the company's ten thousand looms it is



Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore, of The Outlook

The ram's-head gargoyle forms an appropriate decorative touch above the entrance to the huge American Woolen Building, New York



(C) American Woolen Company

The wool whirls in soft, creamy strands from the ingenious gilling machines in the large English combing department

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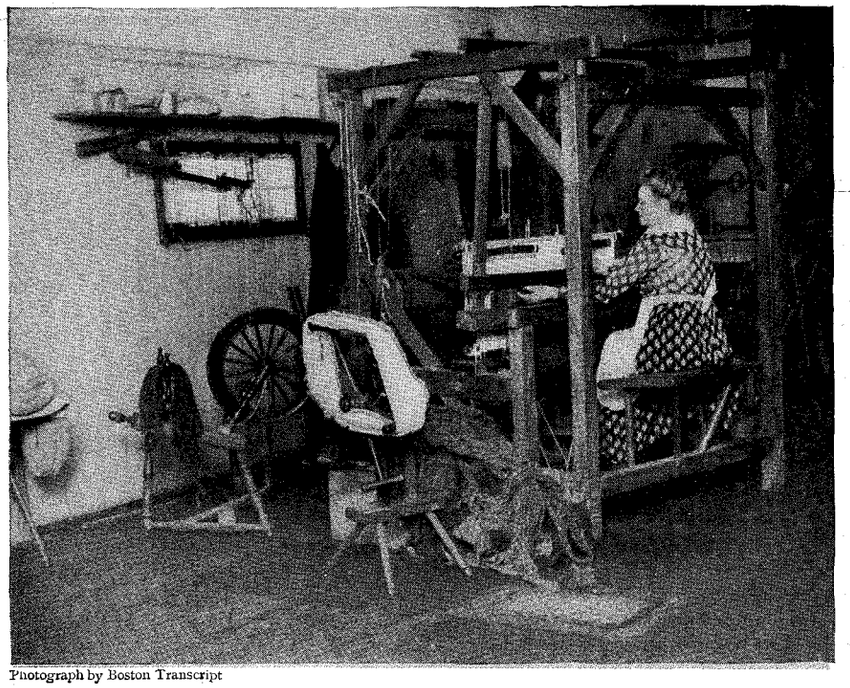


Photograph by Boston Transcript

The looms of colonial days are in quaint contrast with the marvelous accuracy of modern power looms

painstakingly balled and combed and drawn, and in some cases dyed in the thread or skein after being spun. And the whole complicated journey is completed with a despatch and precision that probably no other form of mass production has ever approached. A marvelous mechanical drama unfolds itself continuously within the walls of the mills. One visit to one of them, and one comes away with a new respect for one's clothes, the fabric for which has been produced by the application of no end of mechanical magic.

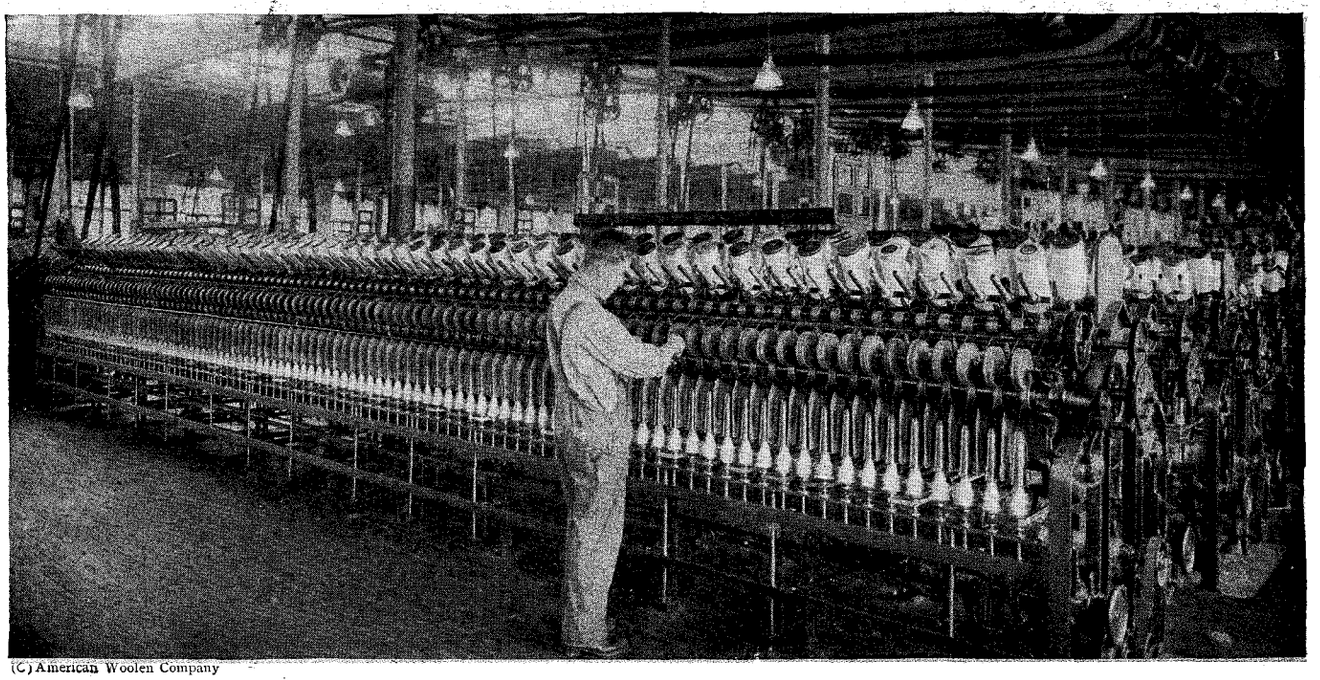
MARVELS OF ACCURACY

There are automatic, magazine-feed looms, incredible knot-tying machines, ingenious burr-pickers, dyeing machines, and new-fangled teasle-gigs in operation in the mills of the American Woolen Company that are apparently four or five jumps ahead of anything else of the kind. For the company's magnitude is not measured merely in terms of its 14,000,000 square feet of floor space, 35,000 employees, pay-roll of $1,000,000 a week, and its tremendous output of cloth per year, but in terms of the resourcefulness and the inventive genius with which it stays on the job and keeps ahead of its many competitors.

The marvelous accuracy with which all this machinery operates, the utter care with which every operation is guarded by skillful workers, and the closeness of inspection after the various operations and relentless examination for imperfections are characteristic of each of the 59 mills. There are kettles in which the goods have to remain just so long, and not a minute longer, in order to produce perfect results. There are spinning-rooms in which humidifiers continually spray moisture into the air, for wool is very sensitive to atmospheric conditions. "It does not take kindly to dry air," one is told, for these mill men speak as fondly of wool as if it were a pet animal of some kind.

TIRELESS RESEARCH

The President of the American Woolen Company knows a good thing when he sees it, and he adopts a good thing immediately after deciding that it will improve the efficiency of his organization. This is one of his characteristic



(C) American Woolen Company

This vast English spinning frame is an example of the mechanical magic that enables the American Woolen Company mills to keep at all times a few jumps ahead of competition

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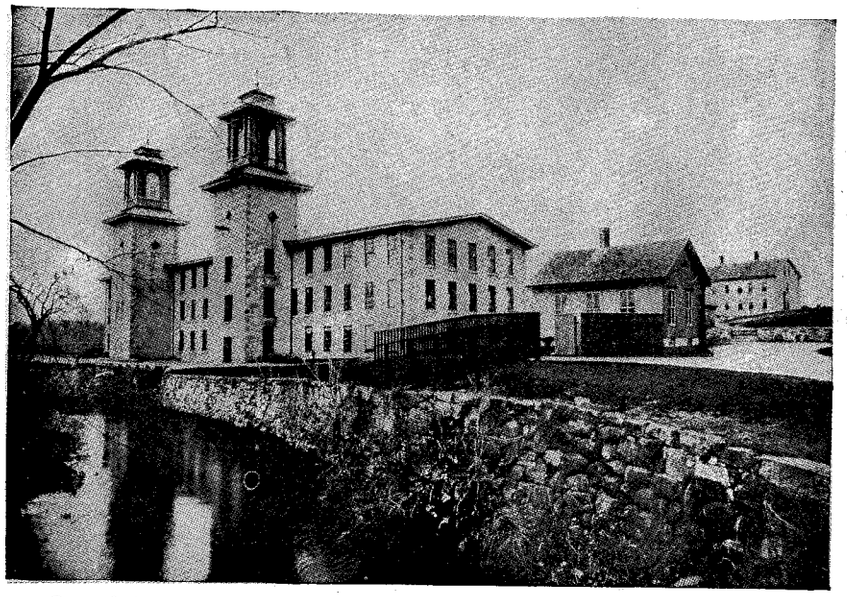


One of the seventeen original mills that were consolidated in 1899 into the American Woolen Company. The Anchor (Inman) Mills, shown here, located at Harrisville, Rhode Island, were built in 1882

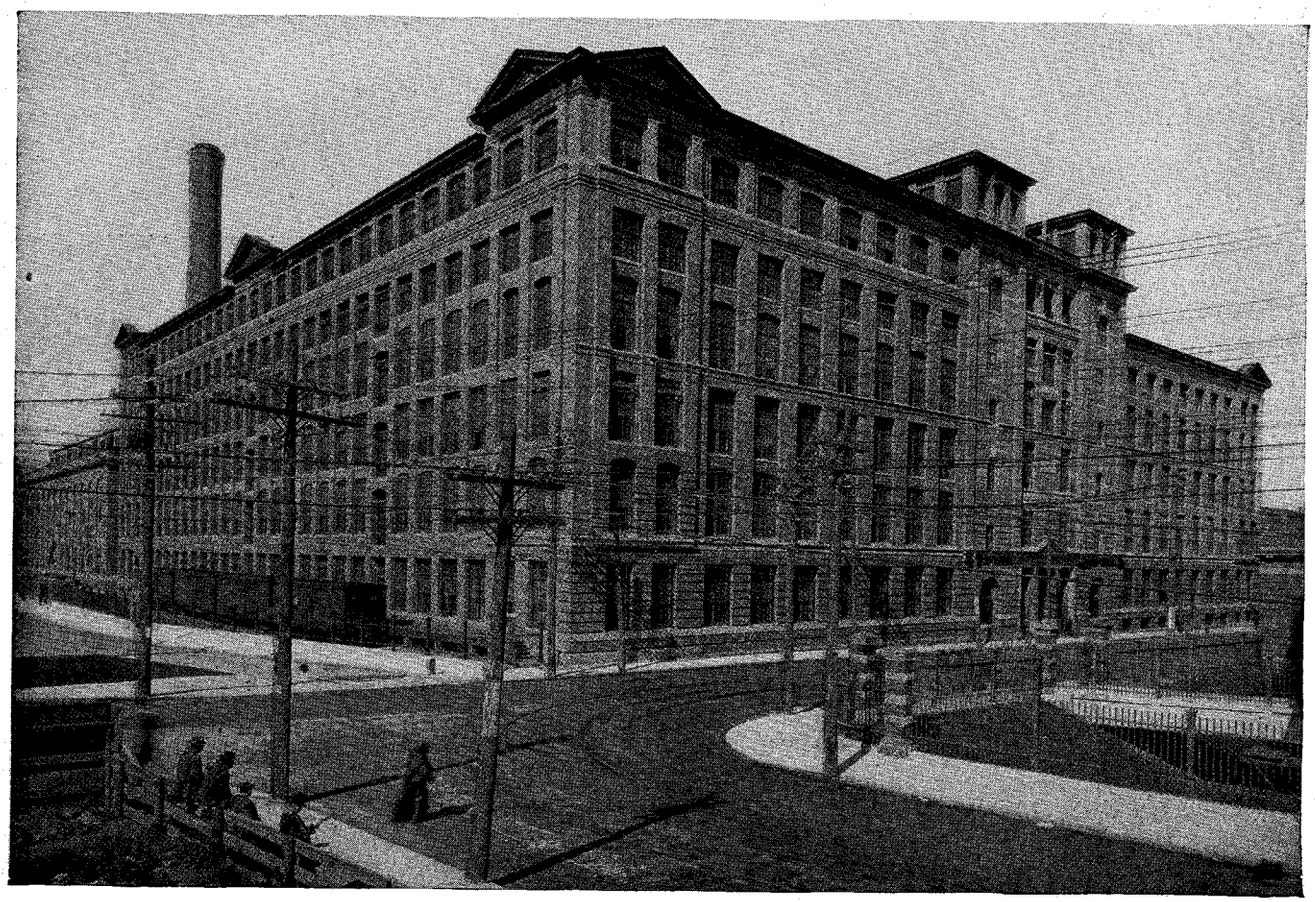
traits, and it has led the American Woolen Company to create a research department, whose business it is to develop, invent, or keep an eye open for any improvement of machinery, process, or method in any of the 59 mills that will enable the company to produce an increasingly better quality of goods in large quantities at a decreasing price to the consumer.

The alert and permeating influence of this research department has had so definite an effect on the whole organization that to-day it might almost be said that the 35,000 employees of the company actually comprise a huge research department intent on the betterment of the product.

It often happens that one of the operatives hits upon an important mechanical improvement, or even a new invention. In such cases the company's engineers and designers help him perfect it, and the company pays the operative for his ideas. Frequently the American Woolen Company makes one of its new inventions available to the whole industry.

The employees of many of these mills represent the second and third generations of families of weavers, with the result that their careful craftsmanship intuitively becomes intent upon the mechanical problems involved in the production of the company's goods.

Since there is always a directness and clearness about the way Mr. Wood's mind works, his organizing and manufacturing genius has kept itself free



This powerful wing of "The House that Wool Built" is known as the Ayer Mill, and typifies the fifty-nine modern mills of the American Woolen Company. It is located at Lawrence, Massachusetts

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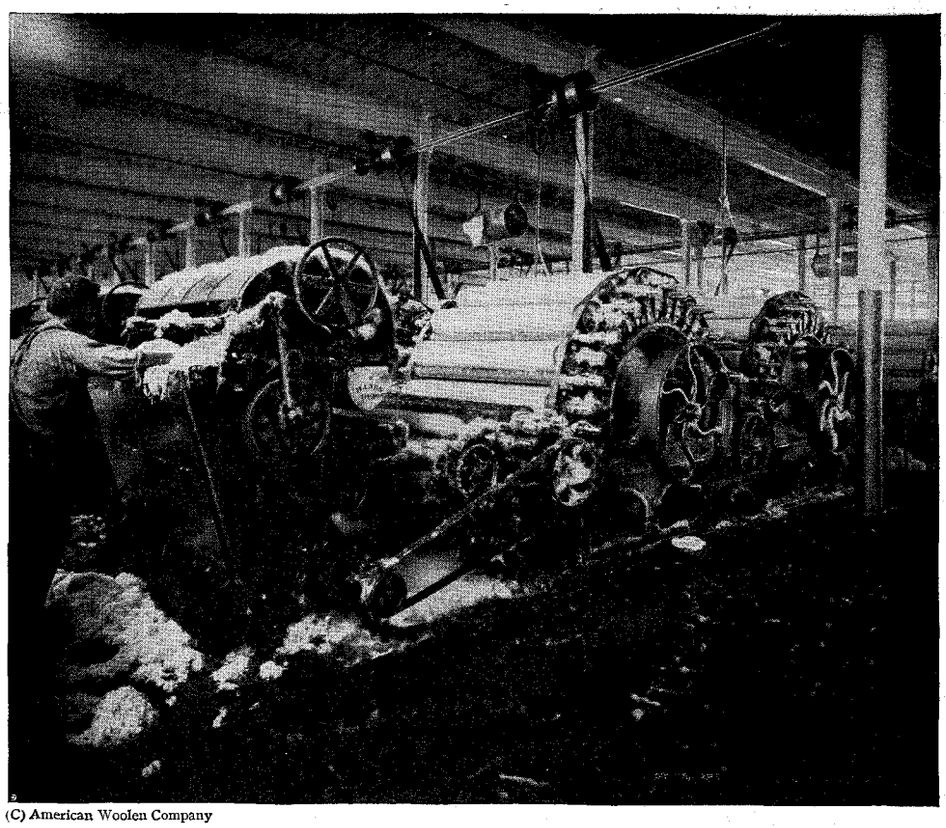

(C) American Woolen Company

In weird and tenuous films the wool flows from ingenious carding feeders

from frills and poses, and he has kept his organizations free from theorizers and chair-warmers. There are no high-sounding titles. Even the experts whom he has placed in charge of big mills are modestly designated as mill agents. Everybody works. And the founder himself continues to be the hardest worker in the organization. The lights of his home at Arden are likely still to be burning at two or three o'clock in the morning, while he confers about production with mill agents from Shawsheen Village, a unique little city, the idea of which he conceived and has carried out.

SHORT CIRCUITS GUARD THE LOOMS

Every possible mechanical device that will insure the perfection of the finished product that rolls from the mills is provided by the American Woolen Company. For instance, in the deafening roar of the loom chambers the most delicate mechanical finesse stands guard over the journey of the shuttles to and fro in the looms. Whenever a thread breaks, a wire drops and causes a short circuit in the loom, which instantly stops it, so that the necessary repairs may be made. There are 3,000 to 9,000 threads in each warp; the velocity of the shuttle is tremendous; and the practical value of the automatic stop device is inestimable.

Notwithstanding the ancient origins of weaving, the conditions governing the operations of the company present constantly changing problems that have to be met and overcome. The ingenuity and resourcefulness of the mills are often taxed to a degree unknown in other fields of manufacture. The condition of the raw wool when it arrives at a mill, for example, is likely to vary with the seasons, the weather, the climate, and with economic conditions. And yet the company succeeds in producing out of these varying raw materials a finished product of uniform and unvarying excellence.

Even the architecture and arrangement of the company's mills have in many cases been revamped, rebuilt, and reorganized in order that their quality output might be increased in quantity.

THE ADVENT OF AMERICAN DYES

The American Woolen Company's solution of the vexing dye problem is an instance of its resourcefulness. At the outbreak of the World War, when American manufacturers were deprived of German dyes, the textile trade was amazed to find that exactly the same fast colors continued to be used by the American Woolen Company that had been used before the war. An interesting and epoch-making thing had happened. Having for many years required great quantities of dyes, the company had before the war been far-sighted enough to carry on extensive and important experiments with American-made dyes, with the result that even before the embargo on foreign dyes the American Woolen plants had switched to American dyes with entirely satisfactory results.

The President's tenacity and initiative made him realize that he had to find a way to secure dyes without help from Germany or England; and in accomplishing this purpose he has been the benefactor of all American textile mills that use dyes, and they are to-day emancipated from their former dependence upon foreign dyes. They are employing American dyes that are as fast and as efficient as any foreign dyes ever were.

Only a chemist can fully appreciate the American Woolen Company's achievement in having made possible the development of an American-made blue dye of identically the same perfected efficiency that had previously been obtainable only from the famous dyemakers of the Old World. The company's experiments were tremendously important when it is remembered that fully seventy per cent of American Woolen fabrics are dyed blue. There are scores of different shades of blue that the American

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Woolen Company uses, many of which look alike to all but experts. There are black blues, purple blues, navy blues, red blues, and all manner of subtle variations of shading that distinguish the products of the company. The mills literally operate with colors flying.

The blue and olive drab of absolute uniformity of shade that could and did stand the United States Government's test of standard color, which other manufacturers found it difficult to match up in different lots of goods, enabled the American Woolen Company to serve the Government promptly and voluminously upon our entry into the War. Government cloth began to issue from the company's mills April 4, 1917, and continued from then on until March 31, 1919. The Wood Worsted Mill alone wove 7,635,515 yards of Government suiting and shirting, as well as a great deal for the British.

SUITS FOR 20,000,000 PEOPLE

Enough woolens and worsteds are woven per year by the American Woolen Company to provide suits of clothes for more than 20,000,000 people. But this vast volume of goods does not begin to symbolize the extent of the public service continuously performed by the organization.

The company's designers set the styles in woolens and worsteds for the world. The fabrics themselves set the world's standards of quality, keep prices down, and stabilize the entire industry.

The frequent construction of new mills, additions to existing mills, and homes for employees, provide work for armies of builders and exert a strong influence in the stabilization of building construction in many localities.

Nearly 200,000 people, moreover, are directly dependent upon the pay-rolls of the company. If assembled in one locality, the employees of the 59 mills, together with their dependents, would be about equal in size to such cities as Akron, Ohio; Atlanta, Georgia; Oakland, California; and Omaha, Nebraska. All these people are fed, clothed, housed, warmed, educated, and developed by the money paid to their wage-earners by the American Woolen Company.

COMPANY OWNED BY 23,000 STOCKHOLDERS

And, finally, the work of the organization makes it possible for 23,000 careful investors to keep surplus funds desirably invested. The $40,000,000 of American Woolen preferred stock has regularly paid substantial dividends ever since the incorporation of the company. The company's $20,000,000 of common stock has paid dividends regularly since April, 1916. Another $20,000,000 of common stock was issued by the company on May 25, 1920, and dividends are being paid on the entire amount. The mills are all free from leases, bonds, and mortgages of any kind.

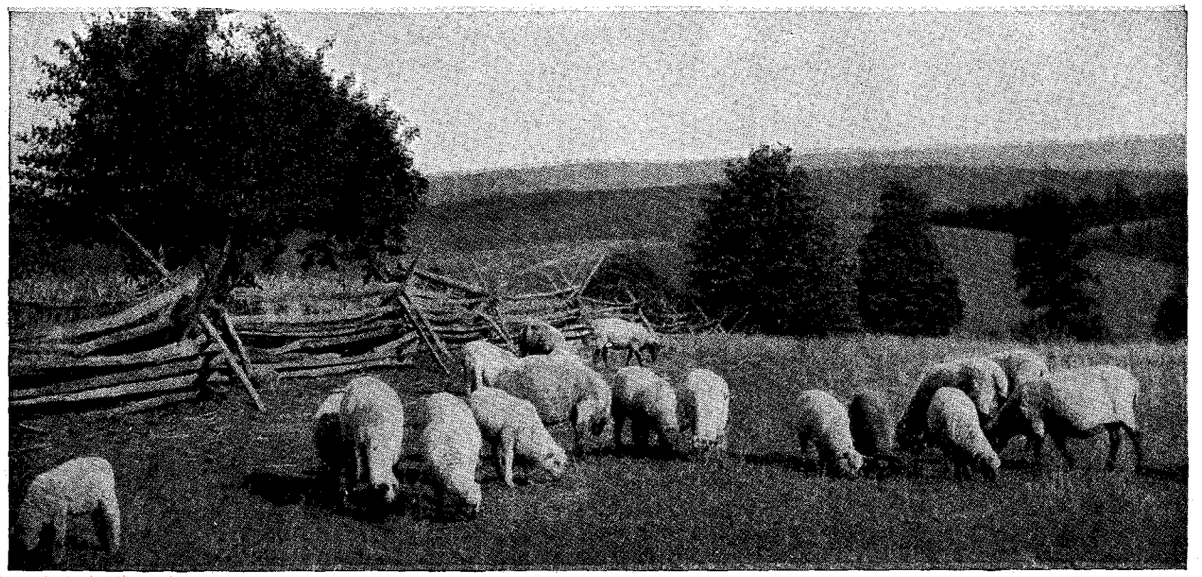
During the depressed and unstable conditions that have affected so many American industries adversely during 1920 and 1921 the mills of the American Woolen Company have operated with but slight interruptions. And so great is the demand for its fabrics that, at a time when building operations are at a standstill in most other industries, Mr. Wood has found it necessary to undertake the construction of the big Shawsheen mill at Shawsheen Village, which will be the last word in architecture and equipment for the spinning of the finest French spun yarns.

THE FOUNDER UNITES HIS FORCES

Mr. Wood has not only consolidated 59 of the most important woolen mills of the country into a unified institution that buys its raw materials, manufactures its products, and distributes its goods with scientific economy and precision, but he has painstakingly applied the same principles of harmonious consolidation to the army of employees on the pay-rolls. And in this difficult undertaking he has likewise achieved singular success.

The company is noted for its far-sighted and generous pension, life insurance, sick benefit, and maternity benefit projects, and for the thousands of attractive homes, the building of which it has helped employees finance on an easy-payment plan.

The management has made it possible for American Woolen Company employees to acquire common stock of the company; and on May 13, 1921, when the offering was announced, more than 13,000 workers cordially welcomed the plan and entered their subscriptions for various numbers of shares each, thus heightening and solidifying the identity of interests between the company's employees and the founder.



The pastures of the world are combed for the finest wool for American Woolen Company yarns and fabrics

An Institutional Story Advertisement

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THE BOOK TABLE

(*Continued from page 92*)

severity and from time to time in "great slaughter."

"This book," observes George Sale, Gent., "is in the greatest reverence and esteem among the Mohammedans. They dare not so much as touch it without being first washed or legally purified; which lest they should do by inadvertence, they write these words on the cover or label, 'Let none touch it but they who are clean.' They read it with great care and respect, never holding it below their girdles. They swear by it, consult it in their weighty occasions, carry it with them to war, write sentences of it on their banners, adorn it with gold and precious stones, and knowingly suffer it not to be in the possession of any of a different persuasion."

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

TREASURE OF GOLDEN CAP (THE). By Bennet Copplestone. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

This would be a much better story of treasure-seeking and privateering if the author had begun the real tale at the beginning instead of in the middle of his book. The reader feels that he has wasted a good deal of time in the chapters which describe the finding of the ancient sea-chest in which reposes the diary and log of an English privateer of the time of James I. All this merely introduces the fact that some one has written a romance out of the log as material, and the story thereupon begins. The treasure hidden by the old privateer is found at the end of the book, but is something quite different from most treasures.

VALLEY WATERS. By Charles D. Stewart. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Mr. Stewart is remembered as the author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," a book of rare humor with an odd and lovable Irishman as its chief figure. The present story is leisurely and mildly humorous and has good character drawing, but even those who like the quality of the book will find the author's tendency to linger lovingly over every little detail somewhat wearisome. The theme is the search of a wounded soldier for the mother whom he has never known, but for whom he has constantly called in his delirium in the hospital.

BIOGRAPHY

OUR AMERICAN HUMORISTS. By Thomas L. Masson. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $2.50.

There is plenty of entertaining reading in this volume. Mr. Masson talks about the many writers of humor he has known. Moreover, he tells stories about them and quotes here and there from their writings. Among the thirty or more humorists he chaffs or quotes are "F. P. A.," Irvin Cobb, "Peter Dooley," Ring Lardner, Stephen Leacock, Don Marquis, Christopher Morley, and Montague Glass. Finally, he ends by telling us how he himself wrote 50,000 jokes, and thereby the aspiring jokesmith will see how easy it is. It is a capital book to take up and read a bit at a time.

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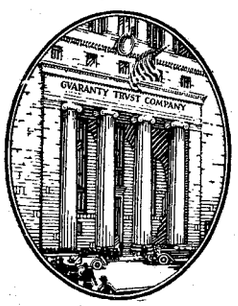
The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

UNTRIED SECURITIES

STATISTICS show that more than eighty-five per cent of all new enterprises fail. This is another way of stating that when a man invests in the securities of a new business the chances are seven against one in favor of his losing his money. Every promoter of a new enterprise is enthusiastic. Of course he is, and enthusiasm is an extremely valuable asset, provided it is backed by intelligence and industry. But enthusiasm and optimistic prophecies are not guaranties of success. Sentiment has no proper place in the business of investing; it should be a cold-blooded proposition, and figures which do not lie establish the inescapable fact that when an investmer in a new enterprise is offered the odds are seven to one again its being successful. This side of the case, naturally enough is not mentioned by the salesman. The point he stresses is th handsome sums which have accrued to those who bought stoc in certain infant industries and lived to see them grow int giant corporations returning fabulous profits to the origin stockholders. No one can deny that this has happened in man instances; but one should remember that successes earn mor notoriety than failures, and realize that, after all, the proportio



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of successes is very small. And who can dispute the statement that an original investment in Victor Talking Machine, Bell Telephone, Standard Oil, and other corporations frequently used as illustrations was not highly speculative? These concerns made good, and the people who purchased their stocks when they were first offered made money. We wonder, however, if the money made in this way is anywhere nearly equal to the amount lost by people who have tried to accomplish the same thing by investing in other new concerns?

Why is it that new enterprises are speculative? Well, they are untried; a thing that is untried is experimental, and no one can predict the success of an experiment in advance. Many new enterprises are modeled on others which have proved successful; but perhaps this is an argument against the new one rather than for it. If one concern is already established, its product known and in demand, it is fair to suppose that the field is already well covered and the obstacles in the path of a newly organized competing concern correspondingly greater. We see examples of this every day; the automobile business is prosperous, and new automobile companies spring up all over the country; certain tire manufacturers are successful, and countless others try to duplicate their success; some chain-store enterprise makes a lot of money, and other chain store companies at once begin to appear; an oil company strikes it rich, and oil companies spring up everywhere like mushrooms—and live about as long; so it goes, the little fellow trailing the big man's footsteps, trying to keep pace with him, and failing in the large majority of cases.

The management of a new enterprise is usually without experience, and this is a heavy handicap in itself. The management may be honest and have every intention of performing all of its promises, but can it cope successfully with all the problems which are bound to arise? Has it the necessary financial backing to see it through the periods of stress that come to every business? It has a record to make, and the prudent, experienced investor knows that a company's past record is the best indication of what will be done in the future. One of the principal tests of a sound investment is the record of earnings over a period of years; if earnings have been satisfactory in the past, the supposition is that they will continue so. If the concern is just commencing operations, there are no earnings; and, while indications may point to their being satisfactory, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. If a stranger asked you to go up in an airplane with him, the chances are you would investigate his record as a flyer before accepting the invitation; if a man asks you to invest money in his business and become a partner—the status of a stockholder—it is prudent to find out all you can about him first.

It is of course the prospect of large profits which attract people to the securities of new enterprises. The older

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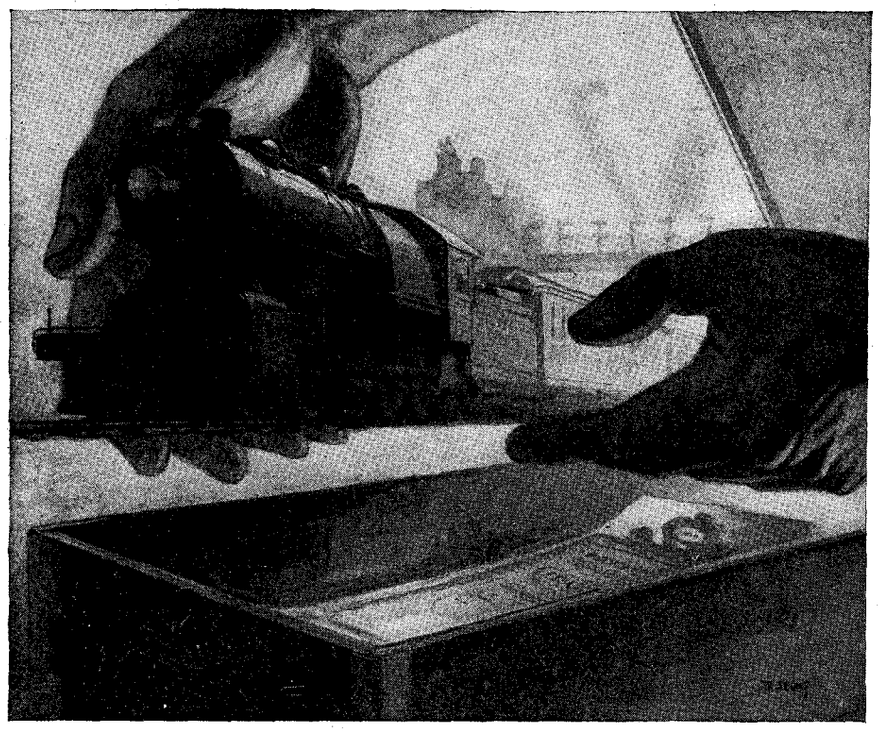

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

concerns are pretty well stabilized; their plants have a certain capacity, planned in accordance with the established demand for their products, earnings have probably varied but little over a period of years, and, while their securities may offer a good yield, the limit appears to have been reached and its possibilities to have been realized. New enterprises, on the other hand, may do anything, and "anything" to the investor never means but one thing. No man who puts his money into securities expects to lose it; an investor is one of the most optimistic of persons, because he naturally thinks his judgment is good, and cannot entertain the idea that any move he may make can turn out badly. Profit, and lots of it, is the thing that engrosses his imagination. The experienced investor, however, is not affected by promises; it may be that he gained his experience by buying the securities of untried enterprises, and has no desire for more. Earnings are what count with him; the security for the principal of his investment, and his ability to exchange his investment for cash in case he wants to sell. At the present time scores of salesmen are offering stock in a corporation, undertaken a year or more ago, for $100 a share. It is a new enterprise; it is not developing in accordance with the advance notices, and disappointed stockholders find when they try to sell that all they can get is about $25 a share. No doubt the dealers who bought their shares would be glad to sell for a slight advance. The enterprise has not failed, but no dividends have been earned or paid; and stock which has declined from $100 a share to $25 can scarcely be rated a profitable investment. How many people who read this article, we wonder, have had a similar experience? How many have some worthless stock certificates in their strong boxes—certificates of new enterprises which expired before attaining maturity and involved the loss of all the money put into them by hopeful investors? Few people who buy investments have had them all turn out satisfactorily, and business failures are not confined to infant industries. But the mortality among newly undertaken enterprises is so very much higher than is the case with established concerns that it seems unwise for people who cannot afford to run the risk of losing their money to consider them at all. Suppose you do miss an opportunity. There are thousands of good investments, and in the vast majority of cases the conservative investment proves the most profitable in the long run. If people would think less about making money and more about not losing it, the promoters of doubtful stocks would find it increasingly difficult to earn a living. As it is—well, it is estimated that the people of these United States lost $500,000,000 during 1922 in stock swindles and worthless stocks. And the unfortunate part of it all is that in most cases the people who lost the money could ill af-

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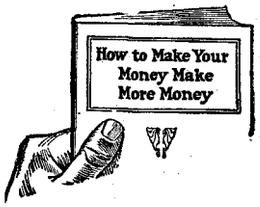

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(*Continued*)

ford to do so. Further, it is safe to say that the majority of these unfortunates made no real investigation before they bought. We encounter instances all the time of people who put their money into some stock, and then suddenly wake up to the fact that they really know nothing about their purchase, and begin to scurry around for information they should have obtained before they agreed to buy. Most of us know that money is accumulated only by hard work, and it is certainly no more than prudent to safeguard it by every possible means. One *good general rule for its protection is* not to invest it in the securities of newly formed enterprises, for remember that six out of every seven of them fail.

THE AUTOMOBILE THAT JACK BUILT

BY J. C. LONG

JACK, the story goes, was the builder of a dwelling around which seemed to center all the destinies of the neighborhood, including the priest, the maiden all forlorn, and the cow with crumpled horn.

Jack, however, has turned from the carpenter trade and become an automobile mechanic. The outstanding industry around which other markets have been growing up in 1922 has been that of making motor vehicles.

Every one knows that in the swing of business cycles there comes first the buyers' strike, then the cessation of wholesale sales, the shutting down of plants, unemployment, causing a still worse condition in purchasing. This keeps up until prices are lower, certain industries recover, employment picks up, and the whole machinery is started up again. Banking has its influence in the process, but a dominating factor in the return of good business is a resurge of public confidence, manifested at first in the activities of a few industries, then gradually spreading.

In 1922 the automobile industry was the hope bringer. It was one of very few lines of business which passed all previous records in that year, a time when most lines of activity were subnormal.

This growth may be explained by the insistent public demand for more and more transportation and the fact that motor cars are now selling at the lowest price levels in history. The purpose of this article, however, is not primarily to discuss the automobile that Jack built, but rather to see its relation to the cow with crumpled horn and all the other factors in the neighborhood.

Some have wept to see so many good dollars put into automobiles. Some economists have wondered where all the money was coming from. Some merchants in rival lines have wondered where it was all going to. But the public is bland and unworried, and evidently feels that it has not been dropping its gold into a hole in the ground. In fact, the comeback in the automobile industry in 1922 acted as a definite creative influence in three directions:

(1) The materials market.
(2) The realty market.
(3) The labor market.

In the field of raw materials the automobile is probably the largest purchaser. The volume of supplies consumed by motor-vehicle manufacture in 1922 was as follows:

Iron and steel	1,944,000	tons
Aluminum	57,650,000	lbs.
Copper	100,825,000	lbs.
Tin	16,000	tons
Lead	8,800	tons
Nickel	4,500,000	lbs.
Leather, upholstering	49,545,000	sq. ft.
Upholstering cloth	7,000,000	yds.
Imitation leather	117,800,000	sq. ft.
Lumber	400,000,000	ft.
Glass	21,440,000	sq. ft.
Top and side-curtain material	21,100,000	yds.
Paint and varnish	7,800,000	gal.

Nor does this table include the cotton fabric or the seventy per cent of rubber production used in the manufacture of automobile tires.

Money poured out for automobiles means, then, that there is money poured out for all the products mentioned above, with resultant profits for those engaged in the industry and higher wages for labor. The motor-vehicle business in fact is the biggest single factor in the aluminum and plate-glass markets and has a very considerable influence in the demand for hair and padding, leather, tin, and copper.

It becomes clear, then, that the automobile is a creator of great markets. Another economic question remains as to whether the molding of all these materials into motor transportation turns them into the most useful form of wealth. Apparently the public's answer is affirmative. An outstanding instance of service in automobile use to-day is its relation to the realty market.

Many buyers of automobiles are meeting the cost of motor transportation through the rent they save by moving out into suburban areas. The difference of $50 per month in rental will pay for a $900 car and its upkeep, assuming that the car lasts over a period of five years. And the city man can readily save $50 or more per month in rent by moving into the suburbs. Roger Babson sees this development as one of the outstanding economic changes in the coming ten years.

Another creative function of the automobile industry is that of giving both a market for labor and of saving labor. The New York "Herald" has estimated

(*Continued on page* 108)

[1] Educational secretary, National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

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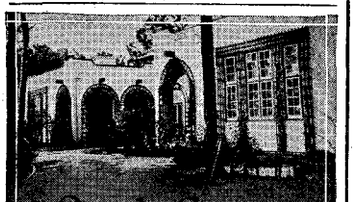
Hotels and Resorts

FLORIDA



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The happy land of winter sports and health-giving rest. Skiing, skating, tobogganing and snowshoeing. Bracing climate, excellent food, comfortable rooms, personal attention.

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Less than three hours from New York via the D. L. & W. R. R. It is suggested that reservations be made at once.

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All indications point to an active and profitable spring market for real estate. You are interested in reaching possible buyers.

The Outlook will issue three special Real Estate Numbers, dated February 21, March 21, and April 18. A small advertisement in these special issues will enable you to reach thousands of prospective buyers and renters.

In the three corresponding special issues for 1921 The Outlook published 337 separate real estate advertisements.

In the same issues for 1922 The Outlook carried 353 real estate advertisements.

The steady growth in volume of real estate advertising is the best indication of the particular value of The Outlook in bringing consistent results.

The rate for real estate advertising is only 60 cents a line. We will be glad to aid you in the preparation of copy. Write us promptly, sending full information regarding your property.

Real Estate Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

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Sanford Hall, est. 1841
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Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

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YONKERS, N. Y.
Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

Real Estate

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APPLE ORCHARD FOR SALE

Situated in an attractive valley, 2 miles from Columbia River and railroad and close to good road, 60 miles from Portland. 12 acres in bearing trees of standard varieties, 3 acres in 3-year-old delicious trees, balance in timber, tillable, 20 acres in all. New modern bungalow, 5 rooms, electricity, gravity water, bath, lawn, shade trees, family orchard of cherries, plums, prunes, pears, grapes, nuts, peaches, and summer apples. Orchard in good condition, well fertilized crop this coming season estimated at 4,000 boxes. Price $9,000, half cash. A splendid property, capable of producing good income. 8,443, Outlook.

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SPEAKERS.—Special subjects prepared; lectures, articles, orations, debates. Expert service. Authors' Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

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SAFE 8% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or reconvertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

SCHOOL. Will any one with small capital help lady and gentleman having wide experience in education 1 work to open a small school for boys or girls? Highest references. 3,158, Outlook.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

SECRETARIES and social workers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, superintendents. Miss Richards, Providence Box 5 East Side. Boston, Trinity Court, Fridays, 11 to 1. Address Providence.

TEACHERS needed for January, February, and September, all departments of schools and colleges. Special terms. THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

OLD Hampshire bond; 100 sheets (6¼x7) and 75 *envelopes*, printed, $2 delivered. Franklin Printery, Warner, N. H.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—To care for physician's office, young woman familiar with telephone, simple bookkeeping, and general details in busy office. 3,182, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room 5842, Washington, D. C.

GIRLS' camp in Maine wants field secretary for territory outside of New York and New Jersey. 3,190, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

PROTESTANT practical nurse to take charge of an infant and assist with child five years old. Brooklyn Heights. 3,183, Outlook.

WAITRESS in family employing governess and dietitian. $50 and washing. Country. 3,187, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave. Governesses, $75–$100; nurses, teachers, family, $150; schools, French, English; supplies matrons, housekeepers, secretaries.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

YOUNG man with a wide and varied experience in child welfare work, recently superintendent of an orphanage, desires executive or sub-executive position. Conversant in French, Italian, and German. Capable grade school teacher. Best of references. 3,038, Outlook.

ACCOUNTANT (certified) seeks connection as comptroller-auditor with large progressive corporation; qualified by long experience to organize a practical cost department and produce results. Highest references. 3,178, Outlook.

BRITISH EX-OFFICER, age 30, of OLD COUNTY FAMILY, DESIRES POSITION of private secretary or similar administrative capacity. College education, of highest social standing. Extensively traveled, ambitious, adaptable, and never too tired to make good. Will travel or do anything. Unimpeachable references. Address R. Gage-Fowell, Box 1112 Dorland Agency, 16 Regent St., London, Eng.

LADY, cultured, experienced, desires management of convalescent girls' or aged women's home, in or near New York or Boston. References. Address 3,186, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

NEW York or near—Englishwoman (lady) wants position February. Chaperon girl, or companion. Trained and experienced secretary—stenography and typewriting. Non-resident part time secretarial if desired. 3,141, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, American, experienced European traveler, cultured, French, Italian, companion to family or ladies traveling Europe. Immediate or spring engagement. 3,185, Outlook.

VISITING household manager.—Gentlewoman, many years' experience all details management of large houses—catering, servants, accounts. Unusual credentials. 3,189, Outlook.

LADY of middle age would like position as companion to semi-invalid or as chaperon for a young girl. Best of references given. 3,191, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged army widow with experience will chaperon party to California or go as *mother's helper for her expenses* across continent. References exchanged. 3,188, Outlook.

SOMEWHERE somebody is in need of an understanding woman in the home or to travel. 3,194, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, refined, educated, thoroughly reliable, wishes position of trust. Chaperon, companion, or take charge of motherless home. Highest references. 3,192, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EDUCATED, experienced woman desires position—governess, mother's helper, companion. 3,180, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

BRIDGE taught by experienced woman player. Beginners. Reasonable fee. Write for appointment. 3,195, Outlook.

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THE AUTOMOBILE THAT JACK BUILT—*Continued*

that 2,400,000 persons are employed directly or indirectly by the industry, as follows:

Professional chauffeurs and drivers	1,200,000
Motor-vehicle factory workers	256,000
Motor-vehicle salesmen	106,000
Accessory factory workers	250,000
Garage employees	236,000
Tire factory workers	73,000
Tire dealers and salesmen	150,000
Iron and steel workers	33,000
Aluminum workers	5,000
Copper, brass, and tin workers	3,000
Woodworkers	20,000
Plate-glass factory employees	21,000
Tannery workers	8,000
Textile and leather men	15,000
Oil refinery employees	51,000
Paper composition workers	5,400

Note. Figures for the various industries are based on percentage of total output consumed by the automobile industry. Total does not include glue and curled-hair factory employees, as figures are not available for these classifications, nor does it include timber fellers, cattle raisers, and others employed in producing the primary materials.

On the other hand, the automobile, through time-saving, creates millions of man-power equivalents. Particularly is this true on the farm, where the farmer is able to save hours of time daily by this quicker method of transportation. There are over 3,000,000 motor vehicles on farms, each multiplying the time efficiency on rural jobs.

This same time-saving factor applies in other lines, such as the 100,000 cars used by doctors, the industrial fleets for salesmen owned by the packing companies and similar organizations, and the thousands of cars used by individual salesmen, real estate men, contractors, insurance men, and others doing "outside" work.

The year 1922 has closed with motor-vehicle production nearly two and a half million, of which about two and a quarter million are passenger cars. This automobile that Jack built is beginning to have its stimulating effect on other branches of industry and on National wealth. The manufacturers look forward to a year of equal, if not greater, prosperity in 1923. This means more markets for materials, more demand for labor, saving of time, more transportation.

Indeed, the economic phase of motor transportation is just beginning to be realized. The railways are awake to it. They see in motor trucks a means for solving terminal congestion and in motor busses a method for building up business which would otherwise have to be served by spur lines, or not at all.

Accordingly, one more phase of the automobile in business is coming into prominence, that of the motor bus and motor truck as common carriers, correlated with other organized methods of transportation, finding their place in the short-haul field, where they can do a constructive job cheaply and efficiently.

BY THE WAY

"PUNCH" quotes this from a London evening paper with the heading "Our Modest Critics:"

"There is Miss ——, in the last Act so marvellously dressed as to require a notice from less competent hands than mine for that alone."

The Negro barber on a Western express train recognized in the man he was shaving a well-known merchant. He worked with special skill, and was rewarded, says "Harper's Magazine," with a substantial tip. Telling his fellow-employees about this, he said: "That Mistuh Smith is a mighty fine gemman, jest as nice a man as you'd want to meet. I've often been in his store in Chicago, but of co'se I nevah met him socially befo'."

"What will Dayton, Ohio, be twenty years from now? A city of probably a million inhabitants, elevated railways, subways, and all the necessary improvements of a great metropolis." This newspaper prophecy is accompanied by a picture showing Dayton of the past, a pleasant country town, with wide streets, attractive old-fashioned mansions, horse cars, etc., and above it an outline sketch of the future Dayton, a mass of huge sky-scrapers nearing the moon. Somehow the earlier city seems the pleasanter one to contemplate. Why not let the new metropolis extend on the bungalow, one-story plan, and allow the people to live comfortably, instead of emulating the discomforts and dangers of New York?

"Well, it has been a long time coming," was the comment of an ex-slave, Andrew C. Mellentree, when he received a check for $3,212 from the United States Government in recognition of his services to the Union army during the Civil War. The award also included a pension of $50 a month for life. The newspaper despatch does not say what Mellentree's age is, or an estimate might be made of what the Government's total liability is likely to be; but as the Civil War ended in 1865, and Mellentree was probably of age then, it would seem that he is well beyond the Scriptural limit of life.

Lord Derby once said that Gladstone's jokes were no laughing matter. "On one occasion, when being entertained by the head of a great condiment-making firm, he did, however, sum up the situation very neatly. A long string of Colmans having been led up to be introduced to him, the Grand Old Man, as he sat down to dinner, said: 'I see we are all "mustard here."'"

Lord Dunsany, the New York "Times" says, has stolen a march on British reviewers. He knows what to expect from them in the way of a review, so he writes a typical review of "It," a play which he has not yet written:

> Lord Dunsany, in his playlet, that he whimsically names "It," has evidently attempted by means of somewhat clumsy allegory to portray the political situation arising out of the latest by-election. The device is old and somewhat transparent. We detect, but are not deceived by, an effort on Lord Dunsany's part to appear political, but this is merely heterogousness—arising mainly from his obvious lack of technique. Had Lord Dunsany known anything of technique, he would have laid the first scene in Scotland instead of at Lewisham, while the remainder of the play might have taken place in London during the period of 1745; he might thus have written a charming Jacobite comedy. As it is, the play is scabulous and, in parts, dyptic; we doubt if it will tickle the groundlings.

"Why did they select the stork to couple with the doctor? Why not the eagle or the owl?" asks the Kansas City "Journal;" and answers its own question thus:

"The stork is the bird with the biggest bill."

The New York "World's" colyum for Christmas Day contained the following "hymn of hate." Newspaper readers will appreciate the joke, but some of them who know the high pressure under which compositors work when sending forms to press, and the difficulty of reading new linotype slugs, will remember that "to err is human, to forgive divine," even in the case of the linotype man:

> Yes, even in this holy Yuletide
> I hate, in all the regions of my being,
> In all the hours of the day and night,
> I hate with venom, spleen,
> And every manner of concentrated vitriol,
> That enemy of human progress,
> That destroyer of light
> And intellectual leading,
> That apostle of darkness, chaos,
> And bottomless futility,
> That betrayer of all hope and striving,—
> The man in the composing room
> Who puts a corrected line of linotype
> In the wrong place,
> And throws a perfectly good line on the floor. B. L. R.

A year or so ago, when a transcontinental tourist was nearing the Grand Canyon of Arizona, he fell into conversation with a fellow-passenger who hailed from San Diego, California. On learning that the tourist had not included San Diego in his itinerary the Californian proceeded to paint in vivid colors the wonders of his home town, ending by saying, "My friend, if it comes to a question of cutting out either the Grand Canyon or the city of San Diego from your trip, I advise you to 'pass up' the Grand Canyon." The tourist realized then that San Diego's boosters are as good as any in the West.

This will perhaps prepare our readers for an apology. We admit with sorrow that, in the caption of a picture on page 671 of our December 13 issue "Torpedo-Boat Destroyers out of Commission in San Francisco Harbor," the word "Francisco" should have read "Diego." We are indebted to a loyal resident of San Diego for the correction.

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